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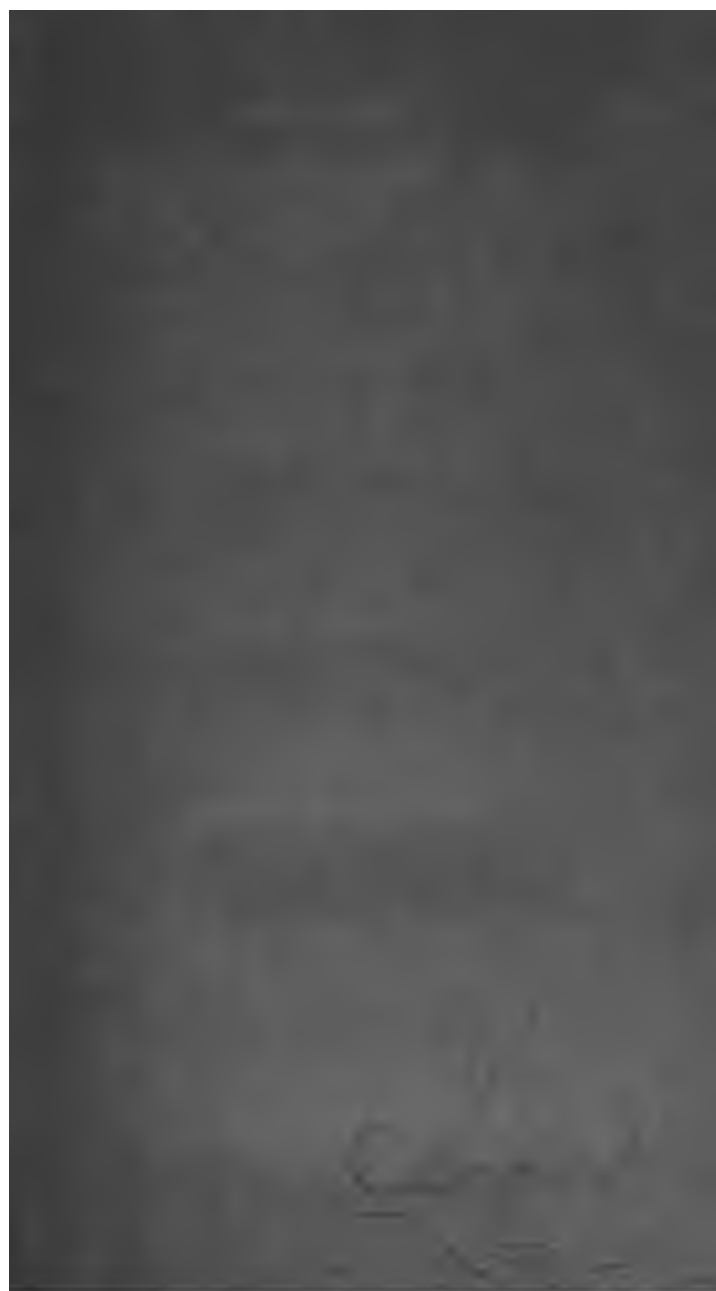
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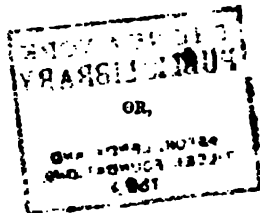
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COTTAGE MUSINGS;



SELECT PIECES,

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

BY MRS. M. CONKEY.

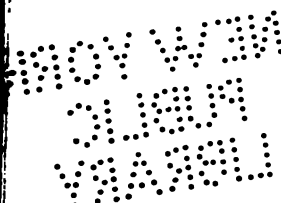
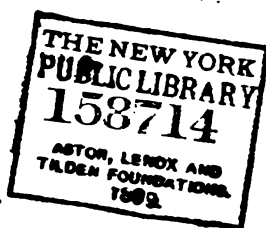
AN AMERICAN LADY.

NEW-YORK:

PRESS OF H. R. PIERCY, 7 THEATRE ALLEY.

.....

1835



P R E F A C E.



I am aware that it is an important undertaking to appear before an enlightened and discerning public as an author—an enterprise I certainly never thought of until a few years past, and which even now I should not venture to embark in, did I not deem it a duty I owe to God, to my fellow creatures, and to myself. If I possess but one talent, I am under obligations to properly improve that talent, as the individual who may possess five; and by the blessing of Heaven upon industry, perseverance and care, one talent will increase at least two fold.

When I first began this little work, I had not the most distant idea of ever seeing it in print: I wrote merely for my own gratification, and to vent my frequently pensive feelings—though naturally inclined to gayety of temper, the cares and sorrows attendant upon this mortal state, often wounds the spirit and casts a shade of melancholy upon the mind; and then, oh how sweet to pour the overflowings of the full heart in soft and silent musings!

I feel somewhat discouraged when I reflect upon the talent and learning of the various authors who have gone before ; and fear that my little book will be lost in the superior splendor of superior minds. However, I feel inclined to "cast my bread upon the waters"—who can tell but I may "find it after many days" ?

I humbly trust that a generous public, especially the Christian part, will feel interested in this little work. Possibly, the sorrowful spirit may find something in the following effusions of a congenial mind, that shall prove as a cordial to the drooping heart. If so, the writer will be amply rewarded ; and perhaps the pious soul may find some sentiment that may tend to elevate the spirits, and urge it forward in the celestial path. If the writer were conscious of this, gold could not purchase the satisfaction and pleasure it would afford : she would feel herself richly compensated for all the labor and difficulties she has experienced in preparing and bringing this work before the public, which, small as it is, has cost me no little trouble, in consequence of the peculiar situation in which I am necessarily placed—having the care of a family of children, (and every good mother knows how many little imaginary as well as real wants must be attended to,) and no assistance in the performance of my domestic duties. Many an hour have I stolen from those sweet ones

allotted to peaceful and invigorating sleep ; many a sentiment have I penned with one hand while holding my sweet babe with the other ; and many a verse have I formed while employed in my household duties : and notwithstanding the disadvantages under which I have labored, I ever sat down to my writing table with more pleasure than I did to my daily meals—and if one day passed away in which I did not write more or less, my mind was dissatisfied : I felt that I had lost what could not be redeemed. It is well known that people in humble life are necessarily subjected to many inconveniences and privations, and have but little leisure time.—This has been the difficulty with which I have been compelled to struggle. I however feel grateful to God that he has enabled me to persevere, and thus far to surmount every opposing barrier ; and trust I shall feel encouraged to go on, and if my life is spared, I hope some future day to add to this work something more that may perhaps be of deeper interest.

In the name of the Lord I cast my mite into the great treasury. Perhaps he who often “chooses the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty” may smile upon my humble endeavors. I cast my little book upon the world, like a small bark launched out upon the foaming billows of a boundless ocean, surrounded by numerous, superior and stately vessels, which may unconsciously run

ten under a lively sense of the beauties of a lovely, serene May morning, in the year 1827.

I would hope that a generous public will consider the many difficulties with which the author has had to contend, and endeavor to indulge the spirit of charity toward the faults they may see in this little volume. I anticipate but little lenity from the cold and rigid survey of criticism ; but it is consoling to know that there are hearts which can appreciate the warm, unstudied, unlabored effusions of the soul. To such I look for approbation and encouragement, and humbly hope by their favor, that I may be enabled to persevere in the improvement of the talent committed to my trust.

THE AUTHOR.

TO MRS. M. CONKEY.

DEAR FRIEND :

Having learned that you are about to favor the world with a small volume of poems, I take this opportunity to express my sincere wishes for your success, and to renew a correspondence which was always pleasing to me, however it may have been to you. You are aware, no doubt, of the extreme difficulty for persons in humble life to come before the public, as authors, particularly as *poets*, when so many stars of the first magnitude are shining upon us in every direction. Time was, when the author of "The Lady of the Lake" was in a fair way of becoming "lord of the ascendant" in the poetical world, but fate, or something else, decreed that his rising glory should be partially obscured by the more brilliant rays of the author of "Childe Harold." If then a Scott could not maintain his station in the poetical hemisphere, when Byron arose, how shall lesser planets hope to shine, when their united rays, blended with a thousand others, fill the world of letters with light and glory ? It is consoling, however, to know, that a species of poetry, of humbler pretensions than the works of our most favored bards, often finds its way into the world, to a much greater extent than its authors could at first have anticipated. So true is this remark, that a noted poet of olden times once exclaimed, "If he could make the *ballads* of a nation, he would care very little who made the religion of it." Bear this in mind, and you will be greatly encouraged. Then again, a work of that character which yours professes to be, consisting of fugitive pieces, written at the moment of poetical inspiration,

which is always the best, in my humble opinion, will always be preferred by the multitude, to a regular, labored, and finished poem. But the greatest difficulty of all is to bring the work in the *first* instance before the public—it was always so. Poor Henry Kirke White found it so: Coleridge found it so: and thousands of others have found it so, whose fame now lives above the fear of death.

You have also another advantage, which I hope will result greatly in your favor—your being an American lady.—And I should hope that if you succeed with getting out the *first* edition, the reviewers to a man will be your patrons, and the “gifted ones,” such as Mrs. Sigourney, or Mr. Washington Irving, will write you a recommendatory preface to the second edition that shall carry you down to distant ages with the savor of a name that shall be better than precious ointment.

I am yours, most respectfully,

G. COLES.

Hartford, July 29, 1835.

COTTAGE MUSINGS.



THE NEW YEAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE YEAR 1832.

Oh ! Thou great source of true poetic fire,
That sweetly touch'd and tun'd King David's lyre,
Come aid the muse, and raise her drooping wing,
Whilst she in pensive strains attempts to sing
The sorrows of the past eventful year,
And drop upon its tomb sad memory's tear.
But where, oh ! where shall I begin to tell
The woes that then our sinful world befel ;
Since twelve revolving months have rolled away,
Thy grief, oh ! earth, what language can portray ?
Pale, meagre famines, pestilence and blood,
Have swept thy surface like a mighty flood ;
Fair as a cloudless morn with prospects bright,
The year first usher'd in its radiant light—
We saw it : but how faint our gratitude
For the rich gifts of an indulgent God !
Clad in disguise our earthly hopes rose high,
And promis'd us a year of peace and joy.
Oh ! sinful man, thou'rt a short-sighted worm,
Nor see'st above thy head the fearful storm,
Which hangs suspended by Almighty power,
And only waits the dread decisive hour
To pour its vengeance down.

Oppressed Europe ! first to thee we turn ;
With thee we weep, we sympathise, we mourn :
Though far across the great Atlantic sea,

We view with grief thy deep, deep misery ;
 We hear thy children's mingled groans and sighs,
 And feel a holy indignation rise ;
 We see high on the weeping willow hung
 Sad Erin's harp still broken, still unstrung :
 Alas ! no more its joyful numbers flow,
 Poor Scotia's Thistle droops in sorrow too ;
 We see the demon of oppression spread
 His direful wings o'er thy devoted head,
 Turning from thee a fierce malignant eye
 Towards the shores where dwells pure liberty,
 Thy fruitful soil is still profusely blessed,
 But thy poor children still by want distress'd.
 Hundreds, nay thousands, do we yearly see
 Flock to the shores of blessed America—
 We hail you welcome, all ye worthy ones,
 Ye virtuous daughters and ye noble sons !
 Long may ye dwell in peace, nor be afraid,
 Shelter'd by Freedom's wide extended shade.
 Oh ! land of outrage, rumors, wars and blood,
 'Mid tragic scenes through ages thou hast stood ;
 Kings have succeeded kings in steady line,
 Usurping oft the throne by basest crime.
 Thy crumbling ivy'd Abbeys still proclaim,
 In days of yore, thy dark—dark deeds of fame :
 They tell of lords and knights and chivalry,
 Of noisy halls, banquets and revelry ;
 Of battles lost and won, of fading crowns,
 Of tottering kingdoms and of falling thrones,—
 Such awful scenes and tragedies unfold
 As make the heart to thrill, the blood run cold.
 Slight wonder Albion's poets sang so sweet,
 Amid these wrecks of grandeur, so replete
 With melancholy beauties.—
 For sure, methinks, around these relics rude
 Must dwell the sweetest charms of solitude.
 There, wrapped in thought sublime, th' immortal Young,
 And Milton too, in strains divinely sung ;
 But where, oh ! where is now the giddy throng,
 The voice of mirthful glee, the dance, the song,

The gallant chiefs, the merry bridal guests,
 The flowing bowls that crown'd the gorgeous feasts?
 We ask, oh! where is the proud warrior band
 Whose names a few still on thy pages stand?
 We saw them there in blood-stained characters,
 And shuddered at the crimes of by-gone years:
 We see them not, we hear them not; they're gone;
 Sunk with their deeds in dark oblivion down.
 Such is the fate of all earth's gilded toys:
 There's nothing true but heaven's eternal joys.
 With all thy faults, thou injur'd spot of earth,
 We still revere thee as the place of birth
 To many virtuous sons, and daughters too,
 Of genius, learning and religion true.
 Yes, Albion! thy green cliffs and flowery plains,
 First rang with free salvation's holy strains,
 Ere the melodious sound was wafted o'er
 Old Ocean's waves to bless Columbia's shore.
 A flaming Wesley's sweet persuasive voice
 Has often made thy hills and vales rejoice;
 Great Whitefield too, with holy vehemence,
 Plead Jesus' cause in peals of eloquence:
 Clad in the gospel armor, lo! they raise
 Emmanuel's cross, and go the world to face.
 They shone like meteors 'mid the gloomy night,
 Reflecting all around a glorious light;
 Poor Voltaire's fabric feels the awful shock
 Of heavenly truth, and straight begins to rock.

* * * * *

Weep, Zion, weep! thy sable robes put on,
 A star, that with peculiar lustre shone,
 Shall now no more among thy stars appear,—
 'Tis gone to blaze in heaven's bright hemisphere.
 Thy Clarke is gone; on love's seraphic wings
 He rose triumphant o'er terrestrial things,
 To mingle with yon holy blood-washed choir,
 And swell the songs of free salvation higher:
 Through the victorious power of living faith,
 He boldly cross'd the mountain waves of death:

The brilliant gem high polish'd and refin'd,
 No more within a narrow case confin'd,
 Hath burst its earthen casket, soar'd away,
 To expand its beauties in the realms of day.
 Farewell, great Clarke! thy voice as music clear,
 Shall never more the trembling mourner cheer;
 In sweetest, softest numbers loud and long
 Thy spirit chants salvation's joyful song.
 Adieu, great Clarke! thy name shall be rever'd
 When monuments by human wisdom rear'd
 Shall crumble into dust.

We accept with gratitude and joy combin'd
 The precious legacy thou'st left behind—
 A treasure which to distant years shall bloom,
 And shed o'er distant lands a sweet perfume:
 Yes, happy soul! though rob'd in glorious light,
 We still converse with thee by day and night.
 Mourn, oh! ye classic sons, 'tis meet to weep;
 The star of virtue, sense and science deep,
 No longer sheds its brilliant halo here,
 But moves in heav'n's exalted, glorious sphere
 Great Clarke profound! may thy rich mantle drop,
 And rest upon some favor'd son of hope.

* * * * *

Borne on the winds across the billowy main,
 We hear the solemn knell of death again:
 Another bard is fall'n on Scotia's shore;
 Lo! Scott, th' immortal Scott, is seen no more!
 His genius we admire, but can't avoid
 Weeping o'er splendid talents misapplied.
 Oh! had his glowing pen been taught to rove
 Through the rich fields of sweet redeeming love;
 Oh! had his harp been tun'd to nobler themes,
 To joys sublimer, than earth's fleeting dreams;
 Oh! then would many a blood-bought radiant gem
 Have shed refulgence round his diadem.
 O'er Gallia's vine-clad hills and fertile plains,
 In frightful forms vile superstition reigns:
 There Popery, link'd with modern scepticism
 Still rules with a tremendous despotism.

But there is hope, oh ! wretched France for thee,—
Soon the bright beams of immortality
Shall pierce the eyelids of thy mental night,
And pour upon thee an eternal light.
Alas ! on Asia tow'r and minaret
Mohammed's crescent proudly hovers yet,—
Once holy land, first blessed with gospel light,
How art thou sunk in deepest shades of night !

Where the dark waters of the Ganges roll,
The Chinese mother still is seen to stroll ;
Hoping some signal benefit to reap,
She sinks her infant in the watery deep.
Oh ! cruel India, dark, benighted land,
For thee we sigh, for thee our hearts expand
With softest piety : still a dark, dense gloom
Broods o'er thy spicy islands of perfume—
But hark ! a charming sound salutes mine ear ;
Rejoice, oh ! India, thy redemption's near ;
Soon shall the music of redeeming love,
Make glad thy every mountain vale, and grove :
The heavenly notes of free salvation's song
Shall sweetly roll thy coral shores along—
Down at the feet of Jesus' conquering cross
Her idol gods must fall, yea, turn to dross :
Angels, commissioned from the courts above,
Already borne on rapid wings of love,
Have fearless crossed the stormy ocean's wave,
To tell the Hindoo Jesus died to save.

But turn, my roving muse, thou lovest too well
Of by-past years and foreign lands to tell,—
Then let us haste to turn a wearied eye
Towards our native home Columbia.
Thou'rt dear to me, my lovely, native land,
Thy rocks and mountains rise sublimely grand,
For pristine beauty and wild loveliness,
No other spot of earth may thee surpass ;
Thy fields, thy woodland, and thy forest shade,
In dark, romantic beauty stands arrayed,—

Thy sweet sequestered groves and cheerful glades,
 Thy gurgling fountains and thy hoarse cascades,
 Thy purling rills, thy lakes, thy rivers broad,
 Bespeak the grandeur of creation's God.
 Yes, oh! my country, still with grief I see,
 With all thy charms, some hateful spots on thee :
 Yes, vile injustice dares, with brazen face,
 And slavery too, thy annals to disgrace !
 If tears could wash the shameful stain away,
 I'd weep for thee, my country, night and day.
 Hark ! how the joyful missionary sings,—
 With Zion's songs his gloomy dungeon rings,—
 Thus Paul and Silas, bound with ragged chains,
 Sang praise to God in sweet, melodious strains.
 Georgia ! hast *thou* no fetter strong to bind
 The soaring power of the elastic mind ?
 Oh ! guilty land ! thy cup must soon run o'er,
 Methinks the Judge is e'en now at the door,—
 For lo ! thy crimes the bending skies have riven ;
 Repent, or feel the vengeful hand of Heaven !
 Ah ! know'st thou not, that bloody Mars of late
 Hath waved his falchion o'er thy sister state ?
 The red-man's tomahawk and scalping-knife
 Have reek'd with the warm purple streams of life.
 Oh ! land of slav'ry, though reluctantly,
 We still would take a tearful glance at thee,
 And breathe the tender sigh of sympathy
 For thy ill fated sons.

Oh ! barbarous land, thy soil no beauty bears,
 While water'd by the bleeding captive's tears :
 Nor equity, nor tender mercy reigns
 Where cruel slavery clanks her galling chains,
 Where fell oppression wields a lawless sword,
 And man must tremble at his brother's word.
 Poor sable children ! who can paint thy woes ?
 Where is the pen, thy sorrows can disclose ?
 From thy lov'd native land most rudely turn,
 By cruel hands across the billows borne,
 With tears, and blood, and more than brutal toil,
 To cultivate the proud oppressor's soil !

Yes, cruel southern states ! your rocks and vales.
 Have echoed with the negroe's groans and wails.
 Unfeeling monster ! say, is it a sin,
 That thy poor brother wears a sable skin ?
 Is it that thine is white, thy brother's black,
 That thou with whips dost lacerate his back,
 And rank him level with the meanest beast,
 To sweat and toil, whilst thou dost drink and feast ?
 Ah ! sayest thou thy negro has no soul ?
 I've heard such words, ere now, profusely roll
 From shallow brains : but prove the saying true,
 And then we'll give thee all the credit due :
 But if thou think'st he has no soul, then show
 That thou hast one ; and let compassion flow
 For thy poor beast, not beat him till he falls
 Down at thy feet, and loud for mercy calls.
 Judgments await thee, oh ! thou guilty land !
 Already hath rebellion's vengeful hand
 Been crimson'd in thy children's streaming gore—
 Oh ! turn to God, be wise, and sin no more.
 But, if thou will persist, ah ! who can say
 What woes betide thee in a coming day ?
 There is a just, a sin-avenging God—
 Prepare to feel the terrors of His rod.
 But look towards yon brilliant eastern skies,
 Behold a black terrific cloud arise,
 Surcharg'd with vengeance—lo ! it hastens on,
 And shrouds in gloom the western horizon :
 The rolling earth now to her centre shakes,
 And sinful man dismay'd with terror quakes.
 We heard the rumbling of thy chariot wheels,
 Oh ! scourge of heav'n ! like distant thunder-peals,
 It broke up the ear : ah ! did we think
 That we too must the cup of trembling drink ?
 Alas ! with rapid strides we saw thee come,
 Thy leaden aspect shed a fearful gloom
 O'er fair America.
 Soon from the mighty ocean thou wast seen
 To scale the towering walls of quarantine ;

No human wisdom could thy progress stay,
 Or turn thy deadly shafts another way ;
 No pity glow'd within thy flinty heart—
 The firmest friends were doom'd by thee to part ;
 Stalking in ghastly triumph through the land,
 Age, grade, nor sex, escaped thy chilling hand,—
 Hurling thy tens of thousands to the grave,
 Gold could not bribe thee one short hour to save

Thy victim from the tomb.*

At thy harsh touch the charms of beauty fled,
 And life's warm stream's were in their channel staid :
 The king, high seated on his royal throne,
 Saw thee advance, and laid aside his crown—
 The rich, the poor, the captive and the free,
 All, (*save the sceptic*) humbly bent the knee,
 Wept o'er the sins which mov'd a holy God
 To send the arrows of his wrath abroad.
 Ye well may tremble, oh ! ye sinful race,
 Ye vile abusers of a Saviour's grace !
 Ye've trod beneath your feet his offered love ;
 The sweet soft voice of mercy fails to move
 Your hearts of adamant ; ye will not bend :
 Then break ye must : God will his judgments send.
 But let us not forget, indulgent Lord,
 With grateful heart thy blessings to record,
 Who in the midst of judgments so deserv'd,
 For thy poor children mercy has reserved :
 Thou didst in great compassion shield our hearts
 From the destroying angel's poisonous darts.
 Oh ! let us dedicate those hearts to thee,
 To be the honor'd throne of Deity,
 Whilst here we stay, and through eternity ! }

* * * * *

The great immortal Prince of Peace
 Still pour's his blessings down :
 Soon shall the rivers of his grace
 Compass the earth around :

* Meaning the lady who offered the doctor five thousand dollars if he would save her life.

'Tis hastening on, that glorious year,
 When sin shall be subdued,
 When earth all beauteous shall appear,
 In Eden's charms renewed.

Zion's emerging from the wilderness,
 Cloth'd with the glorious sun of righteousness;
 Unnumber'd stars are glittering in thy crown,
 And, lo! she treads upon the waning moon;
 Soon, soon, her crimson banner, wide unfurl'd,
 Shall wave in triumph o'er the sinful world,
 Her various ranks in martial order stand,
 With hearts united, a true loyal band,
 Who fly at the first signal of command—
 The heralds go before and trumpet loud,
 Salvation full and free, through Jesus' blood.
 The Sabbath schools in Jesus' cause unite—
 'Tis here the young cadet is taught to fight;
 Here taught with skill the Spirit's sword to wield,
 Arm'd and equipp'd for king Emmanuel's field;
 The tracts, mute messengers, on rapid wings
 Fly far and wide, sent by the King of kings:
 Sometimes disguised, they hurl truth's piercing dart's,
 Which penetrates the sinner's flinty heart.
 See Temperance next with noble, warlike grace
 Go forth the inebriated god to face;
 Equipp'd with neither helmet, sword, nor shield,
 He boldly marches to the battle field,—
 By force of truth and godlike charity,
 O'er Alcohol he gains the victory.
 Lo! through the vista of advancing years,
 The rays of bright millennial noon appears,—
 Oh! then shall floods of heavenly glory roll,
 From south they spread, far to the northern pole:
 Rich streams of truth and dying love shall pour
 From Chimboraze to Greenland's frozen shore—
 Arabia's sandy desert, wild and drear,
 Enrob'd in vernal beauty shall appear,—
 Columbia's wilds are glad: there Sharon's rose,
 And the sweet lilly of the valley blows.

Poor Africa ! across the ocean far,
 Behold the splendor of a peerless star !
 Ye saints rejoice ! the day rolls on amain,
 When all the foes of Jesus shall be slain.
 Oh ! happy day when sin shall take its flight,
 And every bosom throb with pure delight.
 Ride on, thou all victorious Jesus, ride,
 Till all beneath thy hollow'd cross abide ;
 Till all approach a throne of matchless grace
 And touch the sceptre of the Prince of Peace.

Thou great eternal God of love,
 Adored by all the hosts above,
 Inspire with gratitude sincere
 Our hearts, to hail the new-born year.
 Oh ! if thy heavy woes again
 Shall this year's bright'ning prospects stain,
 Oh ! Saviour, let thy pinions screen
 Our souls in every fiery scene.
 When awful clouds surround thy throne,
 And nature trembles at thy frown,
 Oh ! may the whispers of thy grace
 Sweetly compose our souls to peace.

THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT.

HAD I no babes, or husband dear,
 No earthly cares should bind me here ;
 I'd cross the foaming ocean's tide,
 To tell the heathen, Jesus died.

I'd go to India's coral shores,
 Where the poor Hindoo still adores
 His senseless Gods of stone and wood—
 I'd tell him, Jesus shed his blood.

Or to Arabia's desert plains,
 Where dark Mahometism reigns :
 I'd go and tell to Ishmael's race,
 The offers of the Saviour's grace.

And though by sickening zephyrs fan'd,
I'd go to Afric's injur'd land,—
There to her sable sons proclaim,
Redemption through the bleeding Lamb.

I'd go to Greenland's frozen climes,
Where the sweet sabbath bell ne'er chimes ;
Where yet no glorious gospel pours
Its light around those ice-bound shores.

Oh! yes—I'd go, at God's command,
And spend my life in some far off land,
To tell of Jesus' boundless love,
And train lost souls for the realms above.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN FRIEND,

WHO DIED IN THE TRIUMPHS OF FAITH.

FAREWELL! dear honor'd friend, farewell!
For we shall meet no more
On earth, in social bands to tell
Our joys and sorrows o'er.

Oh! how fond mem'ry wanders back
To happy seasons gone,
And lingers, with a sweet delight,
Round joys for ever flown.

How oft, since in yon blissful clime
Thy spirit's rambled free,
I've sigh'd and thought upon
You knelt and pray'd for me.

How oft around thy cottage fire,
Rlest, consecrated place!
Our joyful souls have mounted higher,
In sacred songs of praise.

How oft, along the verdant banks
Of Hudson's silver stream,
(The moon our lamp,) we walk'd and talk'd
Of HIM who did redeem.

Those happy hours no more shall bloom—
They've vanish'd from my sight ;
Thy body slumbers in the tomb,
Thy spirit soars in light.

But whilst I muse, ah ! who can tell
But thou art hov'ring nigh ?
No mortal eye may pierce the veil
That hides eternity.

Though humble, and obscure thy life,
Brightly thy virtues shone ;
So, oft the violet's sweetest charms
By weeds are overgrown.

Entomb'd in earth's deep bosom, lies
Full many a diamond bright ;
And many a flow'ret blooms and dies
Concealed from human sight.

The spotless robe of humble love
I ever saw you wear ;
Thy steadfast heart seem'd fix'd above
All earthly fame, or fear.

But rise, my muse! break loose from earth,
And soar o'er yonder skies,
Where swift, on blood-bought wings of love,
The ransom'd spirit flies.

Ye aged parents! cease to mourn.
Dry up your flowing tears;
Though from your bleeding hearts be torn
The hope of future years :

Though clouds and darkness gather round
The great Eternal's throne ;
Yet, oh ! to heaven submissive bow,
And say, thy will be done.

Ere long, 'mid heaven's resplendent rays,
These clouds shall disappear ;
His seeming dark, mysterious ways,
Shine as the noonday clear.

THE RAINBOW.

FAREWELL ! beauteous, transient guest,
In such charming colors drest !
When thy lovely form I see,
Arch'd in graceful majesty,
Swift to heaven my thoughts ascend,
Where adoring angels bend.
Fast receding from my view,
Rainbow fair, once more adieu !
Those matchless hues, how quickly flown !
Late sparkling in the setting sun :
'Tis thus with all earth's beauteous things,
They haste away on rapid wings.

Are there not eyes, that never see
Such captivating traits in thee ?
Yes, nature's sweetest charms refin'd,
Fail to enchant the stupid mind :
Though yon azure roof be spread,
Set with diamonds, o'er their head ;
Though o'er flowery meads they stalk,
Or by shaded fountains walk ;
Though by silver streams they stray,
And hear the murm'ring waters play ;
Though sun and moon, and planets shine,
Proclaiming thus a power divine ;
Though lightnings flash, and thunders roll,—
All fail to move the senseless soul.

Alas! that an immortal mind
 Should turn from beauties so divine;
 That hearts there be that never glow'd
 Through Nature's works to Nature's God.
 Thou, my soul! far higher soar,
 And the rainbow's God adore.
 Welcome visitor, farewell!
 Whilst this beating pulse I feel,
 In imagination I
 Oft shall see thee deck the sky.
 In all thy handy works, oh God!
 May I a lesson learn for good,
 And may the wonders thou hast made,
 All lead me to their fountain head.

THE COMPLAINT.

Why was I form'd to love the Lyre,
 To feel this flame of hidden fire?
 Oh! had I language to enrol
 The ardent feelings of my soul!

How shall I grieve my gentle muse—
 Her soft sweet wooings how refuse?
 How shall I banish from my breast
 The lovely, tender, patient guest?

Though driven by busy cares away,
 From her lov'd bower she will not stay—
 But soon returns like Noah's dove,
 Back to the bosom of her love.

How from my heart, I pity those
 Who feel what they must ne'er disclose:
 Who with the aid of education
 Might ornament a Grecian nation.



A brighter day begins to dawn—
 Wide science gates are open thrown :
 See o'er our intellectual skies
 The radiant sun of knowledge rise !

Sweet Charity, with melting heart,
 Descends true riches to impart ;
 Rise, ye poor sons of genius ! rise
 And seize the freely offer'd prize.

Ye diamonds hid in Nature's mine,
 Spring from the dust—arise and shine !
 Ye now with fortune's sons may share,
 And wreathes of fame immortal wear.

Oh ! may our fair Columbia boast
 Her bards as bright as Albion lost :
 A Young, and Milton yet shall grace
 The annals of our freeborn race.

Oh ! may a Locke, with mind profound,
 Shed his refulgent beams around
 May many a classic star arise,
 And deck Columbia's lucid skies.

THE VIOLET AND THE ROSE.

ROSE.

Sad flower, why bloom'st thou here alone !
 Is solitude so sweet to thee ?
 Ah ! why so little and unknown ?
 Why spurn thy neighbor's company ?

VIOLET.

That very Power which bid me bloom,
 Bestow'd on me an humble mind :
 I feel contentment sweet at home,
 Which others rove abroad to find.

ROSE.

But look at my gay, glossy dress,
 And see if yours is half so fair :
 And mark a one I've heard confess
 No flower can with myself compare.

VIOLET.

'Tis true, my dress is very nice,
 To me with thee I don't compare :
 It is becoming to me well,
 Of which beauty's is by a friend.

ROSE.

But see what a fine form is mine !
 Beauty herself plays on my cheek ;
 Sure, taste and elegance refin'd,
 Hath press'd each flower, myself to deck.

VIOLET.

Poor, silly flower ! who made thy form,
 And gave thy cheeks that beautiful glow ?
 'The Hand which shields my head from harm,
 When storms and tempests round me blow,
 Though mean my dress, my face unfair,
 Though here despis'd by thee, I bloom :
 It is my choice—I would not dare
 To own thy charms, and fear thy doom.
 Alas ! sweet flower, the very charms
 You boast, may to your ruin turn :
 This day from thy fond mother's arms
 They may, by villain hands be torn.
 Shall make this little simple flower,
 When to a stranger, passing by,
 Shook the wind, and the very hour,
 Turn his looks to scorn and scorn.
 If fairer than a flower's beauty,
 We have of our own and gentle cheer,
 And when we would our wishes share,
 Think in the midst and see.

THE WOUNDED SPIRIT.

Sweet is the opening rose,
Empearl'd with drops of dew,
Where on her slender stem she glows
With bright and blushing hue.
Sweet is the artless song
Of the lone nightingale;
When her high notes, so clear and soft,
Echoes o'er hill and dale.
'Tis sweet to rove abroad,
Lighted by Luna's rays,
Where human feet have seldom trod,
On countless worlds to gaze :
But vain the beauteous rose,
And Luna's softest beams,
To mitigate my heart's deep woes,
Or dry up sorrow's streams.
No ! nature's sweetest charms
Can't soothe my aching heart ;
Can't hush to rest grief's rending storms,
Nor say to care, depart.
Oh ! Jesus, fairest thou
Among ten thousand fair ;
Sharon's sweet rose ! to thee I bow,
And pour my ardent prayer :
Bright day-star ! beam on me,—
Thou hear'st my secret sighs ;
Scatter these clouds, and wipe away
These tears that dim mine eyes.
Thou see'st my sorrows all,
My spirit's keenest smart :
'Tis happiness unspeakable
To know, Thou know'st my heart.
Far sweeter is thy voice
Than music to my ears ;
Oh ! speak, and bid my heart rejoice,
And banish all my fears.

THE PLEASURES OF CONTEMPLATION.

Welcome thy beams, resplendent queen of night,
With all thy train of countless myriads bright !
Whilst thou dost glide o'er azure fields above,
Abroad, to gaze upon thy charms, I'll rove,
When weary Day reclines his sleepy head,
And earth is wrapp'd in sombre twilight shade.
Blest hour of hallowed rest ! by heaven design'd,
When sweetest contemplations fill the mind !
In this soft hour, oh ! how I love to stray
Along the banks where limpid waters play,
Or 'neath the lofty oaks, whose branches meet,
Form'd thus by Nature's God, a cool retreat:
To minds where pensive feelings oft intrude,
Thrice welcome is the bow'r of solitude.
Yes ! when this heart's by worldly cares oppress'd,
And Grief erects her throne within this breast,
Joyful I leave the busy, noisy crowd,
And in the grove hold converse with my God.
There, far retir'd from ev'ry mortal eye,
On Meditation's wings I soar on high—
Lose sight of earth, and all its little cares,
And view beneath my feet sun, moon, and stars,
Till faith unveils the fair abodes of peace—
Elysian fields of sweet perennial bliss.
Hail ! ye bright groves !—ye ever-verdant bow'rs !
Ye banks enamell'd with unwith'ring flow'rs !
Ye rich parterres, where thornless roses bloom—
Where happy spirits inhale their sweet perfume—
Where life's transparent waters ceaseless run,
And streets of burnish'd gold eclipse the sun—
Where trees of grace in beauteous order stand,
Laden with fruit, with heaven's soft breezes fann'd—
Where saints and angels, lost in rapture sweet,
Cast their gemm'd diadems at Jesus' feet.
They touch their golden harps to loftiest strains,
And music rolls o'er heaven's unbounded plains.
Oh ! ye bright spirits, freed from senseless clay,
When shall I chant redeeming love's sweet lay ?

Oh ! when shall I your unknown raptures prove,
 And tune a blood-bought harp to Jesus' love !
 For those bright scenes, oh God ! invest my soul—
 Enlarge my heart—come and possess me whole :
 Oh ! then on love's strong pinions waft me o'er
 Dark Jordan's waves to Canaan's blooming shore.

MUSIC.

Music ! fair daughter of the skies,
 How thy rich voice enchants the soul—
 Bids all her finer powers rise,
 And sways them with a sweet control !

Thy magic tones can lull to rest
 The heart where angry passions rage ;
 Can sooth the sad, afflicted breast,
 And sorrow's pensive woes assuage.

Born in Heaven's bright perennial groves,
 Heav'n was thy home, thy native sphere,
 Long ere thou plum'dst thy wings of love,
 To pour thy charms on mortal ear.

When first from the Eternal Mind
 Sprang forth the flaming seraph choir,
 Thou too wast there ; each breast divine
 Glow'd with thy soft etherial fire.

And when this fair and beauteous ball
 Was hurl'd from the Almighty hand—
 When splendid rolling systems all
 Kindled their fires at God's command :

When vast creation's countless train
 Burst forth from deep chaotic gloom ;
 Thou too wast there ; thy melting strain
 Echoed through Heaven's high vaulted dome.

When God, the great Eternal Word,
 A tender infant's form did wear,
 Thy soft, melodious notes were heard
 Floating on Bethlehem's midnight air.

And when the sinner's captive soul
 Is freed from Satan's cruel chains,
 Thy voice in sweetest numbers roll
 Its echoes round the eternal plains.

And when earth's grand machinery,
 Lies crush'd 'neath fate's relentless hand,
 Thy charms throughout eternity
 Their hidden beauties shall expand.

THE MANGLED FLOWER.

Sweet, hapless girl!
 I knew her when the richest blush of health
 Bloom'd in luxuriant beauty on her cheeks,
 And seem'd like two young roses half unclos'd
 Midst a parterre of full-blown lilies fair.
 Her eyes, half veiled with silken lashes, were
 An index to a noble, generous heart,
 Shining through sympathy's pathetic tears,
 Sparkling again with mild, benignant rays,
 Intelligent with friendship, wit, and love.
 Her soft, long locks of brilliant glossy jet,
 Lay smoothly o'er her high and polish'd brow;
 Her lips might mock the ruby's glowing hue;
 Her form was graceful as the flexile reed,
 Which bends, if touch'd, by summer's softest sigh;
 Her air majestic as the forest's pride,
 Her step elastic as the timid fawn's.
 Ah, yes! I knew her, when her bounding heart
 From hope's fair garden cull'd the sweetest flowers,
 And fancy form'd them in a bright bouquet,
 To shed a fragrance on succeeding years.
 Such was Maria—fond deluded girl!

I loved her—yes, above all woman-kind.
 Could I resist ? her soul was form'd for love,
 And Nature's noblest sentiments were hers :
 Religion, too, celestial friend to man,
 Had claim'd her for her child, beloved of Heaven.
 I lov'd her, and it was reciprocal—
 Our hearts seem'd one, blended mysteriously.
 Oh friendship ! thou art sweet—a sacred charm
 Surrounds thee, unperceived by vulgar eyes.

Such was Maria—but the spoiler came,
 And ere the beauteous flower expanded quite,
 Put forth his hand, sever'd its tender stem—
 And when its glossy leaves began to droop,
 Threw it aside to languish, fade, and die.
 Ah ! could the mask have been withdrawn, could she
 Have gazed upon his character unveiled,
 Maria from her presence would have spurn'd
 The mean, ignoble wretch.

He came, clad in Religion's finest garb,
 Formed with soft eloquence the fatal snare,
 Then drew it round her unsuspecting heart ;
 And soon she stands at Hymen's sacred shrine,
 Like a sweet victim to the slaughter led.
 Adieu to happiness ! that silken band,
 Woven to bind in closer union still
 Congenial souls, to thee, sweet maid, shall prove
 A chain of iron.

Lo ! when eight moons had scarcely wax'd and wan'd,
 Heart-broken and alone, Maria sits,
 Burning the midnight oil with deep solicitude,
 And anguish-riven soul ; she counts the hours
 And wonders how the man she fondly loves,
 Regardless of her tears, can pierce afresh
 The heart already torn by keenest grief.
 The clock strikes twelve ! but ah ! he comes not yet—
 The fiend of dissipation holds him fast,—
 He thinks not of the disappointed one,
 The lovely woman, weeping in silence, whom

How oft, along the verdant banks
Of Hudson's silver stream,
(The moon our lamp,) we walk'd and talk'd
Of HIM who did redeem.

Those happy hours no more shall bloom—
They've vanish'd from my sight ;
Thy body slumbers in the tomb,
Thy spirit soars in light.

But whilst I muse, ah ! who can tell
But thou art hov'ring nigh ?
No mortal eye may pierce the veil
That hides eternity.

Though humble, and obscure thy life,
Brightly thy virtues shone ;
So, oft the violet's sweetest charms
By weeds are overgrown.

Entomb'd in earth's deep bosom, lies
Full many a diamond bright ;
And many a flow'ret blooms and dies
Concealed from human sight.

The spotless robe of humble love
I ever saw you wear ;
Thy steadfast heart seem'd fix'd above
All earthly fame, or fear.

But rise, my muse! break loose from earth,
And soar o'er yonder skies,
Where swift, on blood-bought wings of love,
The ransom'd spirit flies.

Ye aged parents ! cease to mourn.
Dry up your flowing tears ;
Though from your bleeding hearts be torn
The hope of future years :

Though clouds and darkness gather round
The great Eternal's throne ;
Yet, oh ! to heaven submissive bow,
And say, thy will be done.

Ere long, 'mid heaven's resplendent rays,
These clouds shall disappear ;
His seeming dark, mysterious ways,
Shine as the noonday clear.

THE RAINBOW.

FAREWELL ! beauteous, transient guest,
In such charming colors drest !
When thy lovely form I see,
Arch'd in graceful majesty,
Swift to heaven my thoughts ascend,
Where adoring angels bend.
Fast receding from my view,
Rainbow fair, once more adieu !
Those matchless hues, how quickly flown !
Late sparkling in the setting sun :
'Tis thus with all earth's beauteous things,
They haste away on rapid wings.

Are there not eyes, that never see
Such captivating traits in thee ?
Yes, nature's sweetest charms refin'd,
Fail to enchant the stupid mind :
Though yon azure roof be spread,
Set with diamonds, o'er their head ;
Though o'er flowery meads they stalk,
Or by shaded fountains walk ;
Though by silver streams they stray,
And hear the murm'ring waters play ;
Though sun and moon, and planets shine,
Proclaiming thus a power divine ;
Though lightnings flash, and thunders roll,—
All fail to move the senseless soul.

Alas! that an immortal mind
 Should turn from beauties so divine;
 That hearts there be that never glow'd
 Through Nature's works to Nature's God.
 Thou, my soul! far higher soar,
 And the rainbow's God adore.
 Welcome visiter, farewell!
 Whilst this beating pulse I feel,
 In imagination I
 Oft shall see thee deck the sky.
 In all thy handy works, oh God!
 May I a lesson learn for good,
 And may the wonders thou hast made,
 All lead me to their fountain head.

THE COMPLAINT.

Why was I form'd to love the Lyre,
 To feel this flame of hidden fire?
 Oh! had I language to enrol
 The ardent feelings of my soul!

How shall I grieve my gentle muse—
 Her soft sweet wooings how refuse?
 How shall I banish from my breast
 The lovely, tender, patient guest?

Though driven by busy cares away,
 From her lov'd bower she will not stay—
 But soon returns like Noah's dove,
 Back to the bosom of her love.

How from my heart, I pity those
 Who feel what they must ne'er disclose:
 Who with the aid of education
 Might ornament a Grecian nation.

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 Wide science gates are open thrown :
 See o'er our intellectual skies
 The radiant sun of knowledge rise !

Sweet Charity, with melting heart,
 Descends true riches to impart ;
 Rise, ye poor sons of genius ! rise
 And seize the freely offer'd prize.

Ye diamonds hid in Nature's mine,
 Spring from the dust—arise and shine !
 Ye now with fortune's sons may share
 And wreathes of fame immortal wear.

Oh ! may our fair Columbia boast
 Her bards as bright as Albion lost :
 A Young, and Milton yet shall grace
 The annals of our freeborn race.

Oh ! may a Locke, with mind profound,
 Shed his refulgent beams around
 May many a classic star arise,
 And deck Columbia's lucid skies.

THE VIOLET AND THE ROSE.

ROSE,

Sad flower, why bloom'st thou here alone !
 Is solitude so sweet to thee ?
 Ah ! why so little and unknown ?
 Why spurn thy neighbor's company ?

VIOLET.

That very Power which bid me bloom,
 Bestow'd on me an humble mind :
 I feel contentment sweet at home,
 Which others rove abroad to find.

ROSE.

But look at my gay, glossy dress,
 And see if yours is half so fair :
 And many a one I've heard confess,
 No flower can with myself compare.

VIOLET.

'Tis true, my dress is very plain,
 To vie with thee I don't pretend ;
 It ill becomes us to be vain
 Of robes bestow'd us by a friend.

ROSE.

But see what a fine form is mine !
 Beauty herself plays on my cheek ;
 Sure, taste and elegance refin'd,
 Hath pass'd each flower, myself to deck.

VIOLET.

Poor, silly flower ! who made thy form,
 And gave thy cheeks that beauteous glow ?
 The Hand which shields my head from harm,
 When storms and tempests round me blow.
 Though mean my dress, my face unfair,
 Though here despis'd by thee, I bloom :
 It is my choice—I would not dare
 To own thy charms, and fear thy doom.
 Alas ! sweet flower, the very charms
 You boast, may to your ruin turn ;
 This day from thy fond mother's arms
 Thou may'st by ruffian hands be borne.
 Scarce spoke this little simple flower,
 When, lo ! a stranger, passing by,
 Pluck'd the proud rose that very hour,
 Upon his breast to droop and die.
 Ye fair ones ! hence a lesson learn,
 Nor boast of charms and gaudy clothes ;
 And when you would true wisdom spurn,
 Think on the violet and rose.

THE WOUNDED SPIRIT.

Sweet is the opening rose,
Empearl'd with drops of dew,
Where on her slender stem she glows
With bright and blushing hue.
Sweet is the artless song
Of the lone nightingale ;
When her high notes, so clear and soft,
Echoes o'er hill and dale.
'Tis sweet to rove abroad,
Lighted by Luna's rays,
Where human feet have seldom trod,
On countless worlds to gaze :
But vain the beauteous rose,
And Luna's softest beams,
To mitigate my heart's deep woes,
Or dry up sorrow's streams.
No ! nature's sweetest charms
Can't soothe my aching heart ;
Can't hush to rest grief's rending storms,
Nor say to care, depart.
Oh ! Jesus, fairest thou
Among ten thousand fair ;
Sharon's sweet rose ! to thee I bow,
And pour my ardent prayer :
Bright day-star ! beam on me, —
Thou hear'st my secret sighs ;
Scatter these clouds, and wipe away
These tears that dim mine eyes.
Thou see'st my sorrows all,
My spirit's keenest smart :
'Tis happiness unspeakable
To know, Thou know'st my heart.
Far sweeter is thy voice
Than music to my ears ;
Oh ! speak, and bid my heart rejoice,
And banish all my fears.

THE PLEASURES OF CONTEMPLATION.

Welcome thy beams, resplendent queen of night,
With all thy train of countless myriads bright !
Whilst thou dost glide o'er azure fields above,
Abroad, to gaze upon thy charms, I'll rove,
When weary Day reclines his sleepy head,
And earth is wrapp'd in sombre twilight shade.
Blest hour of hallowed rest ! by heaven design'd,
When sweetest contemplations fill the mind !
In this soft hour, oh ! how I love to stray
Along the banks where limpid waters play,
Or 'neath the lofty oaks, whose branches meet,
Form'd thus by Nature's God, a cool retreat:
To minds where pensive feelings oft intrude,
Thrice welcome is the bow'r of solitude.
Yes ! when this heart's by worldly cares oppress'd,
And Grief erects her throne within this breast,
Joyful I leave the busy, noisy crowd,
And in the grove hold converse with my God.
There, far retir'd from ev'ry mortal eye,
On Meditation's wings I soar on high—
Lose sight of earth, and all its little cares,
And view beneath my feet sun, moon, and stars,
Till faith unveils the fair abodes of peace—
Elysian fields of sweet perennial bliss.
Hail ! ye bright groves !—ye ever-verdant bow'rs !
Ye banks enamell'd with unwith'ring flow'rs !
Ye rich parterres, where thornless roses bloom—
Where happy spirits inhale their sweet perfume—
Where life's transparent waters ceaseless run,
And streets of burnish'd gold eclipse the sun—
Where trees of grace in beauteous order stand,
Laden with fruit, with heaven's soft breezes fann'd—
Where saints and angels, lost in rapture sweet,
Cast their gemm'd diadems at Jesus' feet.
They touch their golden harps to loftiest strains,
And music rolls o'er heaven's unbounded plains.
Oh ! ye bright spirits, freed from senseless clay,
When shall I chant redeeming love's sweet lay ?

Oh ! when shall I your unknown raptures prove,
And tune a blood-bought harp to Jesus' love !
For those bright scenes, oh God ! invest my soul—
Enlarge my heart—come and possess me whole :
Oh ! then on love's strong pinions waft me o'er
Dark Jordan's waves to Canaan's blooming shore.

MUSIC.

Music ! fair daughter of the skies,
How thy rich voice enchants the soul—
Bids all her finer powers rise,
And sways them with a sweet control !

Thy magic tones can lull to rest
The heart where angry passions rage ;
Can sooth the sad, afflicted breast,
And sorrow's pensive woes assuage.

Born in Heaven's bright perennial groves,
Heav'n was thy home, thy native sphere,
Long ere thou plum'dst thy wings of love,
To pour thy charms on mortal ear.

When first from the Eternal Mind
Sprang forth the flaming seraph choir,
Thou too wast there ; each breast divine
Glow'd with thy soft ethereal fire.

And when this fair and beauteous ball
Was hurl'd from the Almighty hand—
When splendid rolling systems all
Kindled their fires at God's command :

When vast creation's countless train
Burst forth from deep chaotic gloom ;
Thou too wast there ; thy melting strain
Echoed through Heaven's high vaulted dome.

When God, the great Eternal Word,
 A tender infant's form did wear,
 Thy soft, melodious notes were heard
 Floating on Bethlehem's midnight air.

And when the sinner's captive soul
 Is freed from Satan's cruel chains,
 Thy voice in sweetest numbers roll
 Its echoes round the eternal plains.

And when earth's grand machinery,
 Lies crush'd 'neath fate's relentless hand,
 Thy charms throughout eternity
 Their hidden beauties shall expand.

THE MANGLED FLOWER.

Sweet, hapless girl !
 I knew her when the richest blush of health
 Bloom'd in luxuriant beauty on her cheeks,
 And seem'd like two young roses half unclos'd
 Midst a parterre of full-blown lilies fair.
 Her eyes, half veiled with silken lashes, were
 An index to a noble, generous heart,
 Shining through sympathy's pathetic tears,
 Sparkling again with mild, benignant rays,
 Intelligent with friendship, wit, and love.
 Her soft, long locks of brilliant glossy jet,
 Lay smoothly o'er her high and polish'd brow ;
 Her lips might mock the ruby's glowing hue ;
 Her form was graceful as the flexile reed,
 Which bends, if touch'd, by summer's softest sigh ;
 Her air majestic as the forest's pride,
 Her step elastic as the timid fawn's.
 Ah, yes ! I knew her, when her bounding heart
 From hope's fair garden cull'd the sweetest flowers,
 And fancy form'd them in a bright bouquet,
 To shed a fragrance on succeeding years,
 Such was Maria—fond deluded girl !

I loved her—yes, above all woman-kind.
 Could I resist ? her soul was form'd for love,
 And Nature's noblest sentiments were hers :
 Religion, too, celestial friend to man,
 Had claim'd her for her child, beloved of Heaven.
 I lov'd her, and it was reciprocal—
 Our hearts seem'd one, blended mysteriously.
 Oh friendship ! thou art sweet—a sacred charm
 Surrounds thee, unperceived by vulgar eyes.

Such was Maria—but the spoiler came,
 And ere the beauteous flower expanded quite,
 Put forth his hand, sever'd its tender stem—
 And when its glossy leaves began to droop,
 Threw it aside to languish, fade, and die.
 Ah ! could the mask have been withdrawn, could she
 Have gazed upon his character unveiled,
 Maria from her presence would have spurn'd
 The mean, ignoble wretch.

He came, clad in Religion's finest garb,
 Formed with soft eloquence the fatal snare,
 Then drew it round her unsuspecting heart ;
 And soon she stands at Hymen's sacred shrine,
 Like a sweet victim to the slaughter led.
 Adieu to happiness ! that silken band,
 Woven to bind in closer union still
 Congenial souls, to thee, sweet maid, shall prove
 A chain of iron.

Lo ! when eight moons had scarcely wax'd and wan'd,
 Heart-broken and alone, Maria sits,
 Burning the midnight oil with deep solicitude,
 And anguish-riven soul ; she counts the hours
 And wonders how the man she fondly loves,
 Regardless of her tears, can pierce afresh
 The heart already torn by keenest grief.
 The clock strikes twelve ! but ah ! he comes not yet—
 The fiend of dissipation holds him fast,—
 He thinks not of the disappointed one,
 The lovely woman, weeping in silence, whom

He pledged himself before high Heaven and earth
 To love, protect, and cherish until death !
 If one lone spark of sensibility
 Still warms that perjur'd heart's cold apathy,
 How can he sport with lovely woman's tears ?

Sol scarce had finish'd his eighth annual round,
 Four smiling babes twin'd round Maria's heart,
 As ivy round the lightning-riven tree.
 But ah ! these pledges of a mother's love
 Enkindled not affection's languid flame
 In the cold bosom of their unfeeling sire :
 While each returning day woke some new cause
 To probe the mother's bleeding heart afresh,
 Till nature's frail foundation sinks at last.
 She dies ! Maria, dear beloved friend !
 That soft, sensitive heart could bear no more.
 Those fine exquisite fibres, mangled and bruised
 By harsh and cruel treatment, breaks in death
 Long ere her once bright sun of life had reach'd
 Its noontide glory !

Oh wretched husband ! could'st thou gaze upon
 That beauteous dying flower, crush'd by thine hand,
 The murder'd victim of thy passions wild,
 And feel no bitter pangs of black remorse
 Strike terror to thy soul ?

REMEMBERED WORTH.

GREAT WASHINGTON ! Columbia's sire !
 By all her high-born sons confess'd :
 The flame that did thy bosom fire,
 Still glows within our nation's breast.

America ! still burns thy heart
 With love, for such unfading worth,
 As nobly dared the tyrant's dart,
 To hasten freedom's glorious birth.

For freedom's cause, he firmly stood
The heat and burden of the day ;
And would (if call'd) have spilt his blood,
To set his captive country free.

'Twas he, the Christian soldier ! he
Was often seen to spread abroad
His hands, and humbly bend the knee
To ask deliv'rance of his God.

And lo !—the God of battles heard,
And march'd before them as a shield,—
The Lion hears His conquering word,
Columbia's Eagle takes the field.

Praise ye the Lord, ye favor'd sons !
Come, raise your star-lit banner high :
Ye youthful maidens, tune your tongues,
And chant our glorious victory !

But why, my country ! is thy harp
High on the weeping willows hung ?
The praise that swells thy grateful heart,
Should flow from every minstrel tongue.

Had Albion claim'd him for her son,
How would she trumpet forth his praise !
The immortal name of Washington,
Had fir'd the Muses deathless lays.

Far o'er the wide Atlantic seas,
Soon would our ears have caught the sound ;
Borne on the wings of ev'ry breeze,
It would have compass'd earth around.

Oh, home of Liberty ! sweet spot !
Ingratitude shall never stain
Thine Eagle's plumes, and ne'er forgot
Shall be the hand that broke thy chains.

Sons of the Muse, the boon is thine,—
Come, weave a fadeless garland now,
And let it sweetly bloom and twine
Around each free-born poet's brow.

TO MY MUSE.

HAIL, sacred gift! celestial fire!
Descend and warm my heart;
Come, softly touch my trembling lyre,
And bid earth's cares depart.

Let others sigh for meaner things,
I'll raise my wishes higher—
And soar away on rapid wings
O'er fancy's vast empire.

I've felt thy power at early dawn,
When blushes tinge the east,—
When dew-drops sparkle o'er the lawn,
Like pearls on beauty's crest—

And when the mellowing golden beams
Of the bright orb of day,
In soft, departing glory streams,
And slowly dies away—

And when the gentle queen of night
Pours forth her silver rays,
And when those countless systems bright
My wond'ring mind surveys.

I've felt thy power when by soft rills
In pensive mood I stray,
And when I hear the music shrill
Of little songsters gay:

I've felt thy power when Winter reigns
Stern monarch of the year,
And swiftly o'er the frozen plains
Glides in his icy car.

I feel thy power when Spring's warm tears
Subdues the tyrant's heart,—
When blue-eyed violet appears
To bid him hence depart.

And when redundant Summer comes,
With fruits and roses crown'd,
Scatt'ring her dainties and perfumes
In rich profusion round.

Oh, yes ! and when the tempest sweeps
Destructive o'er the plains,
And when relenting Nature weeps
In soft distilling rains.

And when the balmy, whisp'ring gale,
Fans twilight's charming hour,
And when I listen to her wail
Round Autumn's leafless bower.

Hail ! thou oft vainly-sighed-for guest !
My heart shall give thee room,—
Within this pensive, grief-worn breast,
Shall be thy lasting home !

ON THE DEATH OF MY INFANT SON.

FAREWELL, sweet babe ! once my fond heart's delight !
Like morning dews, thou'rt vanished from my sight !
How oft I've gazed upon thy cherub face,
Where guile shone each pleasing infant grace !
How oft I've clasp'd thee to my joyful heart,
And praised thy loveliness, unsoil'd by art !
With conscious pride did I each day behold
The budding beauties of thy mind unfold :
Charm'd by thy smiles, my soul forgot her God,
Nor sought, with anxious care, for higher good.
But ah ! my cup of earthly bliss was full,
And death was sent to break the golden bowl !
The dreaded hour arrived, the silver chord
Was loosed ; and to the skies the spirit soar'd.
Alas ! what mortal tongue or pen has power
To paint thy mother's anguish in that hour !

None, save a mother's bosom, feels the sighs
 That struggle there when her sweet infant dies.
 But fare thee well, my dear, my only son !
 Thou'rt gone to swell the triumphs round the throne ;
 That Saviour who redeem'd thee to adore,
 And join those infant harpers gone before.
 Oh God ! forbid these trembling tears to flow—
 Beneath thy chast'ning rod I humbly bow !
 Thou hast but claim'd the loan, so justly thine,
 Thy will be done ! no more will I repine.
 In boundless love thou damp'd my glowing mirth,
 And broke the chain that bound my heart to earth.
 Let not vain tears henceforth bedew these cheeks,
 Far, far from earth my soul her pleasure seeks.
 Ye swelling sighs ! oh cease to heave this breast,—
 Be calm, and know God's righteous will is best.
 Oh Jesus ! let thy beauties charm my mind,
 By heavenly love be all its powers refin'd ;
 Till on its wings my spirit takes her flight,
 From this dark world, to one of cloudless light !
 Then my free soul, disburden'd of her load,
 Cheerful shall chant the praises of her God,—
 On wings of rapturous love mount up on high,
 And quit this earth, where pleasures bloom to die !

SUMMER.

Lo ! Summer comes, in crimson robes array'd,
 And spreads around her sylvan leaf-wrought shade.
 She comes, with plenty smiling in her train,
 To heal the breach of harsh old Winter's reign.
 See ! how with lavish hand she pours around,
 Till fields, and forests, with rich gifts abound.
 Spontaneous sweets her welcome steps attend,
 And clustering boughs 'neath lovely burdens bend.
 Bright Sol, exulting in his glory burns,
 Nor lovely Nature more her absence mourns,

The weary traveller now reclines his head,
 And sinks to rest 'neath some cool spreading shade.
 Oh ! how refreshing is the gentle breeze,
 So softly whisp'ring through yon forest trees :
 The cattle now in waving pastures feed,
 And playful lambs skip o'er the verdant mead,
 In this enchanting season. Oh ! how sweet
 To steal away far from the crowded street,
 (While Luna pours abroad her silvery rays,)
 And listen to lone Philomela's lays !
 How sweet to sit in some sequestered grove,
 And hear her pensive, melting strains of love !
 Methinks all nature now conspires to raise
 A grateful song, to her Creator's praise ;
 Can'st thou, oh man ! refuse to join the lay
 And homage to the God of Nature pay !
 Nay, let her beauties teach thy stupid heart,
 In this exalted work to bear thy part ;
 When rosy dawn first blushes in the skies,
 With grateful myriads pay thy sacrifice ;
 And when night draws her sable curtain round,
 Be thou at pure devotion's altar found.

HYMN TO THE SAVIOUR.

ENFLAME my heart, ethereal fire !
 Wrap me in love's embrace :
 And tune my heaven-devoted lyre,
 To sing the Prince of Peace.
 Oh ! praise the Lord, ye saints on high,
 Ye infant heirs of grace !—
 Let heaven's high dome resound with joy,
 And crown Him Prince of Peace.
 Ye martyrs who in glory sit,
 'Mid love's refulgent rays,—
 Cast your bright wreathes at Jesus' feet,
 And crown Him Prince of Peace.

Ye angels, rob'd in dazzling light,
Who on His charms would gaze—
But veil'd, approach the peerless sight,
Oh ! crown Him Prince of Peace.

Ye kings, array'd in robes of state,
Fall down before His face,
Go lay your titles at His feet—
And crown Him Prince of Peace.

Ye warriors lay your weapons down,
For wars and strife shall cease ;
And bow to the eternal Son,
The conq'ring Prince of Peace.

Your glitt'ring swords to ploughshares beat,
To pruning hooks your spears ;
For Mars shall yield his ancient seat
To Christ, the Prince of Peace.

Whose blood-stained banner wide unfurl'd,
The saint with rapture sees—
Subduing a rebellious world
To Christ, the Prince of Peace.

Victorious o'er sin, death, and hell,
This kingdom shall increase :
This precious stone the earth shall fill,
And reign the Prince of Peace.

Mercy shall stream from sea to sea,
And floods of righteousness,—
Till every soul unitedly
Shall crown Him Prince of Peace.

Ye islands of the sea rejoice !
Behold your near release,—
Make to the Lord a joyful noise,
And crown Him Prince of Peace.

Shout, India, long benighted one !
Behold the splendid rays
Of Jesus Christ, the Christian's Sun !
And crown Him Prince of Peace.

Ye Indians of America,
Your glad hosannas raise ;
Unite with injur'd Africa
To crown Him Prince of Peace.

Mahomet's cressent's on the wave,
Its glory fades apace ;
Proud Antichrist shall soon be slain,
By the great Prince of Peace.

Ye ancient tribe of Abraham—
A deeply fallen race !—
In Jesus, your Messiah claim,
And crown Him Prince of Peace.

Sing, Greenland's icy-hearted ones—
The God of Israel bless ;
Oh ! join with Europe's favor'd sons
To crown the Prince of Peace.

But hark ! how sweet those numbers roll,
Far on the storiny seas !
Proud Neptune's sons unite in soul
To crown the Prince of Peace.

His name shall fire our hearts and tongues,
While in this wilderness ;
Until we join those heavenly songs,
To crown Him Prince of Peace.

FAREWELL TO MY DEAREST ANN.

I go to the wood, dearest Anna, farewell !
 How the keen pangs of parting, this sad heart doth swell :
 But the soft chord of friendship, which binds heart to heart,
 Shall still be unbroken, though we're doom'd to part.

I go to the wood, where the wild flower blows,
 Where the hemlock and beech in majesty grows ;
 Where rise the green hills, in wild beauty array'd,
 Where flows the clear rills, in the dark forest shade.

I go to the wood, where the whippoorwill sings,
 Where the sweet little red-breast sits pluming his wings ;
 Where the timid, sleek fawn trips lightly away,
 And the squirrel provides for a cold wintry day.

I go to the wood, where the sweet briar blooms,
 Where nought but the breezes e'er kiss its perfumes ;
 Where nature looks forth with a smile most serene,
 When clad in her vestments of beautiful green.

I go, dearest Ann, where the sweet fountain stream,
 Was never lit up by the sun's brilliant beam ;
 Where tower the huge mountains, in grandeur sublime,
 Which stand as secure as the pillars of time.

I go to the wood, where the stormy winds howl,
 Where the bear and the wolf insatiate prowl :
 Where the snows linger long, and the frosts early come,
 And the rude tempests howl round our little log home.

I go to the wood, where the soft glowing charms
 Of the Muse shall allure me again to her arms ;
 Impassioned and won by each soul-thrilling grace,
 I'll yield to be clasp'd in her warmest embrace.

I go to the forest, but ah ! who can tell,
 What anguish and sorrow this bosom must feel ;
 How often my tears in secret must flow,
 And my heart be fresh pierc'd by the arrows of woe ?

I go to the wood, oh! Heaven protect
 A weak wandering pilgrim, her footsteps direct;
 When stung by affliction, I writhe with the smart,
 Oh! then come and bind up my poor bleeding heart.

I go to the wood—dearest Ann, fare thee well!
 Graven deep on my heart, your lov'd image shall dwell;
 Though parted asunder, I'll think upon you,
 And pray for your welfare—dear Anna, adieu!

MOURNING AN ABSENT GOD.

Why art thou sad, my soul? why thus depress'd?
 Oh! why with gloomy doubts and fears distress'd?
 Alas! how long must thou in darkness mourn?
 When will the glorious light of life return?
 Jesus! one smile from thee—one look of grace—
 Can break these clouds, and fill my soul with peace.
 Then shine, thou radiant day-star! on my heart;
 Disperse my fears, bid unbelief depart.
 Fairest among ten thousand, full of grace,
 Unveil once more the beauties of thy face!
 Oh thou, who altogether lovely art,
 Cheer with thy sweetest smiles this drooping heart!

THE YOUNG MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.

OH MOTHER! dry those falling tears,
 And let me go at Heaven's command;—
 Trust in the Lord—subdue thy fears—
 He'll guard me with an angel band!

Dear, honor'd father! let me go
 And teach the savage how to pray—
 No more to idol gods he'll bow,
 But trust in Christ, the living way.

Farewell, dear sister ! hush that sigh
 Just bursting from thy gentle heart :
 See'st not yon glitt'ring crown on high ?
 To gain it, love, shall we not part ?

Farewell, my only brother dear—
 How closely round my heart you twine !
 But wipe away the parting tear,
 And bow to Heav'n with heart resign'd.

Farewell ! farewell !—the gospel's sound
 Allures me from ~~your~~ fond embrace ;
 I long to stand on heathen ground,
 And preach and sing redeeming grace.

Adieu ! ye sweet delights of *home*,
 Green fields, soft streams, and shady grove ;
 Joyful in far off lands I'll roam,
 And tell of Jesus' boundless love !

Farewell ! my young companions too,
 Bound to my heart by friendship's tie—
 We part on earth—keep heaven in view,
 And soon we'll meet o'er yonder sky.

He weeps, and vainly strives to quell
 The deep emotions of his soul ;
 The pangs of parting sorrows swell
 His heart, and tears in torrents roll.

But lo ! o'er trackless wilds afar,
 See yon lone pilgrim wend his way ;
 The beams of Bethlehem's radiant star
 Sheds o'er his path a cheering ray.

'Tis heavenly fire his bosom warms,
 While he a rugged course pursues—
 Pressing through hunger, cold, and storms,
 Proclaiming free salvation's news.

'Twas love divine that taught him how
 To climb the rocky mountain steep,
 To urge his way through frost and snow,
 And ford the stream, though wide and deep.

Surrounded by the dense, dark wood,
 And gone is the last crust of bread,
 He feasts on love, the seraph's food,
 And love sustains his fainting head.

Go on, ye heralds of free grace !
 Still preach the Lamb for sinners slain ;
 Nobly the powers of darkness face,
 And crowns of glory ye shall gain.

THE BLISS OF TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

How swift the joyful moments fly
 When I'm conversing with a friend,
 Whose heart is form'd for sympathy,
 Whereon pure love's soft dews descend !

When Fortune frowns, and Envy smiles,
 And Slander hurls her pois'nous dart—
 When Malice spreads her thousand wiles,
 Then Friendship's voice cheers up the heart.

Ah ! once her soothing tones so sweet
 Shed comfort o'er my pensive mind :
 'Twas never, never counterfeit,
 My gentle friend was ever kind !

Yet there are hearts that would deceive,
 Conceal'd within this lovely dress—
 Still I most firmly will believe
 True friendship dwells in human breast.

Would e'er bedew yon little sacred mound
 Where sleeps thy Mary's dust.
 Yes! Mary, thou art blest; thy slumbering clay
 Ere long shall wake all lovely, all refined.—
 Fill'd with this blessed hope, calmly I gaze,
 Though pensively, upon that waxen brow
 Whereon reposes those soft silken locks,
 In smooth and stirless beauty.
 Impress'd upon those lips, methinks I see
 A sweetly solemn, though triumphant smile.
 Did'st thou, sweet infant, ere thou fled'st away
 From thy dark prison-house, catch one small glimpse
 Of glory infinite, and splendor too intense
 For frail mortality? Say—was it thus?
 And thy pure spirit, ravish'd by the view,
 Flutter'd its glittering pinions to be gone
 With harping convoy, sent to guide it through
 Yon azure's deep expanse! Oh! could'st thou stoop
 Once more, to these inclement, sickly shores,
 And speak in mortal ear!
 What should we hear? not dying groans and cries,—
 No deep drawn sigh would rend a parent's heart:
 Oh, no! the pains of life—of death—are past,
 And Mary sings salvation's peerless song.

TO THE REV. L. M.

ON HIS SAYING THAT HE COULD NOT COMPOSE A SINGLE LINE OF POETRY.

WHAT though the gentle muse ne'er condescends,
 On silent downy wings, to hover round
 Thy lone and leisure hours, nor looks on thee
 With sweet, propitious smile,
 Breathing her soul-entrancing music soft
 Around thy heart! Though 'tis not thine to touch
 The trembling chords of her oft envied lyre,
 Sublimar bliss is thine—a nobler task,
 Redemption's theme, to lift the holy cross,

And cry to dying man " behold the Lamb !"
 Oh, what a work is this ! what boundless fields,
 And tracts infinite, opening to the mind
 New wonders, beauties, blessings, and delights !

'Tis thine

To ramble o'er these broad, unmeasur'd fields,
 And cull the odorous flowers, and pluck the fruits
 Of rich redeeming love, and drink the streams
 Fresh from the pure, o'erflowing fount of life.

Oh, enviable gift !—this gift is thine—

To cultivate Immanuel's fertile grounds !

To prune the shrubs, and train the tender vines,
 And prop the beauteous lily's fragile stalk,
 And kindly shield the rose, when angry storms
 Menace destruction to its lovely tints !

'Tis thine to pluck away the noxious weeds

That choke the younger plants, and gently dig
 About the roots, and bring forth fresh supplies
 From the reservoir of unwasting grace,

And water every shrub, and plant, and tree,

'Till all in this fair garden of free grace

Shall come to full maturity, put forth and bloom,

And bear the ambrosial fruits of endless life !

'Tis thine to dig for treasures deep conceal'd

In the rich mine of precious gospel truth ;

That mine of costly gems, of depth profound,

But just begun to be explored : 'tis thine

To bring from thence the rubies of free grace,

The pure genuine philosophic stone,

Of value infinite, exceeding far

The boasted, glitt'ring treasures of Peru.

'Tis thine to tell how base, ungrateful man

Barter'd away the image of his God,

And from fair Eden's blissful, blooming bowers,

Was turned a dying, wretched wanderer forth,

Defiled with sin, (oh pride-debasing truth !)

To sweat and toil his brief existence here,

To writhe with pain, to languish, gasp, and die,

And then return to dust.

'Tis thine to tell how the poor ruined soul
 Lay crush'd and bleeding, 'neath the pond'rous weight
 Of its own wanton disobedience,
 Till soft-eyed Mercy, bending from her throne,
 Beheld the helpless victim, heard his groans :
 Her heart was touch'd with pity, and the tears
 Rush'd to her eyes. She stoop'd to save the lost—
 Kiss'd from his cheek the penitential tears,
 And to the smitten, mangled heart, applied
 Gently (with her soft hand) the balm of life.
 Oh, grace infinite ! love unparallel'd !
 Mysterious depths and endless labyrinths,
 Where pondering, sainted and seraphic minds,
 Lost in astonishment, admiring stand.
 'Tis thine to preach this love ! and thus portray,
 With the fair pencil of experience,
 Dip'd in the colors of celestial truth,
 Upon the canvass of the human heart,
 The grace of God to lost rebellious man.
 Oh ! blessed work to preach the dying Lamb !
 To unveil the mystic mount of Calvary,
 And show the cross, all crimson'd o'er with blood,
 Bearing the spotless victim, whose pierc'd side
 Pours out the precious tide of life and love,
 That washes all our guilty stains away !

'Tis thine to tell how the great Conqueror rose,
 And snapp'd in sunder the strong bars of death ;
 And chain'd the monster to love's chariot wheels,
 Then soar'd aloft upon a dazzling cloud,
 To fill His glorious, mediatorial throne.
 'Tis thine to tell how Jesus sits on high,
 Pleading the sinner's cause, mighty in love,
 Spreading abroad his wounded, bleeding hands,—
 Showing his pierc'd side and mangled feet,
 And in compassion's sweetest accents prays,
 Father, forgive them, lo ! thy Son hath died !
 'Tis thine to tell how in the clouds of heaven,
 Rob'd in majestic pomp, the Son of God,

With countless hosts, shall come to judge the world,
And take his ransom'd, blood-washed people home,
And doom the harden'd sinner down to hell.

'Tis thine to pour sweet consolation's balm
In the poor mourner's wounded, bleeding heart :
And when the spirit, summon'd from on high,
Stands trembling on the farthest verge of time,
Pluming its wings, yet fears to take its flight
To climes unknown. Oh ! then 'tis thine to soothe,
To cheer its hopes, and charm its groundless fears,
And open to its view the pearly gates

Of New Jerusalem,—

And help the spirit thus to catch a glimpse
Of its celestial home, the golden streets,
The tree of life, and the pure crystal waves
That gently glide through vales forever green ;
The bright perennial bowers, the glitt'ring crowns,
That sparkle round the temples of that band
Of sweet musicians, round the blazing throne
Of Deity.

Fight on, my brother, in this glorious war !
A little longer wield the sword of truth,—
A little longer keep your armor bright :
Soon you'll be call'd to lay your weapons down—
Yes, soon you'll hear the heavenly Captain's voice,
(Sounding more sweet than music's sweetest strains,)
Saying, come up higher, you've fought the fight of faith,
And gain'd the victory ! come and wear the crown.

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. J. G. S.

ON LEAVING FOR ANOTHER CIRCUIT.

DEAR, honor'd friend ! this little gift receive,
'Tis all I have, beside my prayers, to give :
Accept it as a pledge of pure regard,
Heaven will the labors of your love reward.



The time has come, when we must bid farewell !
But, far above yon azure vaulted dome,
I see a land where genial spirits dwell,
Where parting comes not—'tis the Christian's home.

Thy Master calls ! we dare not bid thee stay,
Though parting pangs sever our bosoms rend ;
We'll think on thee, when thou art far away,
Oft as before the throne of grace we bend.

Shall we no more on earth behold that face,
Beaming with pure, unearthly radiance—
Sure index to a soul, where heaven-born peace,
Sweet seraph, sheds her gentle influence ?

Oh ! shall we never hear thy words again
Encourage us to keep the narrow road,—
Nor warn poor sinners of eternal pain ?
And point them to the all atoning blood,

Nor feel the enliv'ning influence of that voice,
Which oft has cheer'd our little social band—
Rekindled in our hearts celestial joys,
While the full soul with rapture would expand ?

In vain we'll hearken, when the month rolls round,
For thy returning footstep's welcome sound :
Round the domestic board we'll miss thy face—
Oh ! may another herald of free grace,
When thou art gone, fill up thy vacant place.

Go, herald of the Saviour ! still bear high
The glorious cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood,—
Yes ! tell to others Calvary's tragedy,—
Though Satan frowns, thy Jesus will applaud.

Go tell poor sinners there's a fountain pure,
An ocean infinite of grace and love ;
Powerful its purple waves the scul to cure,
And fit it for the holy joys above.

Oh ! tell, though seated on a sapphire throne,
 Ador'd by all heaven's host the sinner's stead,
 Stript off His robes, laid by His peerless crown,
 On wings of love flew down to earth and bled.

Tell how a manger held the infant God !
 While bright-wing'd seraphs wondering, hover'd round,
 New-touch'd their harps to numbers sweet and loud,
 While free salvation burden'd every sound.

Gethsemane's mournful, pleasing story tell,
 When sacred blood bedew'd its cold, damp soil,
 How Jesus then subdued the powers of hell,
 Vanquish'd his foes, and won a glorious spoil.

Oh ! tell, how on dark Calvary's awful brow,
 The spotless victim poured his life away,—
 While nature trembled at the deed of woe,
 And sackcloth veil'd the brilliant orb of day.

Tell how he rose, a victor from the grave,
 Though hell's malicious bands were station'd round,—
 Triumph'd a glorious conqueror, strong to save,
 And gave to Death a sure and mortal wound.

Tell how he soar'd above, resum'd his seat,
 Put on his mediatorial crown :
 Shows his pierc'd side, his wounded hands and feet,
 And pleads our cause before the eternal throne.

Go, and proclaim the glorious triune God,
 United, yet distinct and separate :
 Confound not the Divine with flesh and blood—
 'Twas man that groan'd and died, on Calvary's wood,
 Not nature's Maker, strength and potentate.

Farewell ! when Jesus calls his jewels in,
 And shall their brows with fadeless wreathes entwine
 May many a radiant gem redeem'd from sin
 With sparkling beauty round thy temples shine.

A few more sighs, perchance, the heart must swell—
A few more tears of grief the cheeks bedew :
We'll rise, we'll meet, we'll drink from love's pure well,
Nor feel the anguish-thrilling word, adieu !

STANZAS.

WRITTEN IN DEEP SORROW AND ANGUISH OF SPIRIT.

THIS earth, with all its boasted charms,
Is void of bliss to me ;
My bark is toss'd by angry storms
On life's eventful sea.

Ah no ! I would not always dwell
Where raging tempests rise—
Where grief's dark, foaming billows swell,
And clouds o'erspread my skies.

Oh ! 'tis a dark and weary land,
But heaven is dazzling bright :
Cheer up, my soul ! thy hopes expand,
Thou'lt gain that land of light.

Dismiss thy dark foreboding fears,
Thy *home* is just in view :
Press through this wilderness of tears,
And bid the world adieu !

Faith stands with fair seraphic brow
In sorrow's darkest hours ;
And points beyond this scene of woe
To heaven's unfading bow'rs.

When grief the wounded heart assails,
And anguish swells the breast,
And nature's fairest prospect fails
To give the spirit rest ;

Oh ! then how sweet to cast an eye
 Beyond the darksome tomb,
 And view those heavenly bow'rs on high,
 Where joys immortal bloom.

No tears are there, no cares molest
 That world of sweet repose ;
 The sighing heart, the heaving breast,
 Are freed from all their woes.

Here virtue sighs, and friendship bleeds,
 And foes most cruel prove :
 Oh ! there they'll sigh and bleed no more,
 For all is perfect love.

Then let earth's brightest charms decay,
 And all her comforts cease ;
 My soul shall sweetly soar away
 To yon bright world of bliss !

TO VENUS, BRIGHTEST OF STARS.

OH Venus ! beauteous evening star,
 What art thou, dazzling there so far
 From this sad world, diffusing bright,
 Refulgent beams the live-long night :
 O'er this dark earth ?

Perchance some sinless region, where
 Secure from sorrow, fear and care,
 Where pride hath never ventur'd yet
 To cast her soul-deceiving net,
 Dwell beings of pure birth.

Where no malignant passion rise,
 To chill the ardor of their joys ;
 Where all in sweetest union sing
 Harmonious praises to their King,
 And high the chorus swell.

Hark ! do I hear the melting sound
Of heavenly music floating round ?
And have ye heard, ye sinless race !
That Jesus died (oh, boundless grace !)
To save a world from hell !

Do verdant fields and fruitful vales,
Seas, floods, and lakes, and numerous pales,
Thy surface deck ? do mountains rise ?
Hast thou, like earth, sun, moon, and skies
Bestud with countless stars ?

Does love divine each heart control,
And friendship's fire fill every soul ?
Hast death ne'er ventur'd to intrude
On thy fair shores ? no brother's blood
Been shed in cruel wars ?

Or art thou but a globe of light,
Plac'd there to cheer the gloom of night ;
T'illumine, as some grave wits do tell,
This tiny orb on which we dwell,
And for that end alone ?

And did thy Maker not intend
That thou should'st serve some nobler end,
When with thy sleepless, brilliant eye,
He bade thee blaze in yonder sky,
The carpet of his throne ?

How, lost in strange conjectures high,
On thee I've gazed with curious eye,
And almost wish'd for seraph's wings
To soar above terrestrial things,
Thy scenery bright to view !

Some minds there are that condescend
To believe what they can comprehend,
But nothing more ; all else is stuff,
And nought but some wild crack-brain's puff
Of lying wonders new

How dare a little breathing clod
 Limit the mind and power of God ?
 Millions of worlds sublimely grand
 Would spring from naught at his command,
 And in their circles run.

If God but speak, behold ! they burn,
 And swift upon their axis turn,
 Brightly illum'd by moons and stars
 Revolving in their flaming cars,
 Lit by refulgent suns.

God's works and ways who may pretend
 To scan ? they all our thoughts transcend.
 Why may not countless systems grace
 Yon azure fields of boundless space
 As well as one small speck ?

I pity him whose grov'ling mind
 And downcast eyes, ne'er feel inclin'd
 To contemplate these worlds of light,
 Which glitter like the diamond bright,
 And night's black robes bedeck.

ACROSTIC.

ENGRAVEN on my heart in letters fair,
 Let me thy sacred name, sweet Jesus, wear ;
 Inscribed in life's fair book with blood divine,
 Zion's great King, oh ! grant my name to shine ;
 And, though unworthy, deign to call me *thine*.

May heavenly virtue my whole soul inspire,
 Control my thoughts, subdue each vain desire :
 Oh ! may I walk in wisdom's shining way,
 Nor turn to gaze at folly's dazzling ray.
 Kept by the power of God from sin, may I
 Enter at last those bow'rs of bliss on high :
 Youth blooms in beauty there no more to die !

THE HEART SMITTEN.

OH ! must this wounded heart, so often pierc'd,
Be pierc'd anew ? Ah ! yes, I keenly feel
Within this aching bosom deep infix'd,
Grief's poisonous, barbed arrow, plung'd too deep
To be extracted by a mortal hand.
Ere twice yon placid orb that rules the night
Hath wax'd and wan'd, this pensive, bleeding heart
Hath thrice been torn by friendship's parting pangs !
Yes ! thrice the fountains of my soul have pour'd
In quick succession down their wonted course
The silent streams of heart-felt grief severe.
My soul is sorrowful—my tears still flow :
The friend* I lov'd, perhaps too fondly lov'd,
Is torn from my embraces. Oh ! how strange,
And yet how soft, the magic tie that held
Our souls in sweet mysterious union !
Held, did I say ? Ah ! 'tis unsever'd yet.
Shall time, or space, or death itself, unloose
The sacred knot which heaven alone hath bound ?
No, gentle friend ! though towering mountains rise,
And mighty rivers roll between us,
Still in the vast and boundless fields of thought
Shall our free rambling spirits often meet,
And in embraces sweet each other clasp.
And when the balmy breath of holy prayer,
Warm from the heart, is rising toward the skies,
'Tis then I trust with sacred awe profound
And reverence deep, before the throne of Love,
Our souls shall meet and mingle into one.
Farewell, dear friend ! methinks I see thee still
As when we parted last ; with tearful eyes,
Pressing my hand in friendship's warmest grasp ;
Then turn away the anguish to conceal
Which fill'd thy heart too full for utterance.
No, speak thou could'st not ; but I plainly read,
In the true index of thy noble soul,
The precious, painful words, " Farewell, farewell !"

* Mrs. D.

In a poor humble cottage,
 Thou sometimes hast been found,
 And with the poor and needy
 Thy blessings most abound.

I oft times see a shadow,
 Which falsely bears thy name ;
 But oh ! she's proud and fickle,—
 She hunts for wealth and fame.

No sympathizing sorrow
 By her was ever felt ;
 No notes of soft compassion
 Her frozen heart can melt.

On the poor helpless orphan,
 She scornfully looks down ;
 On poor bereaved widows,
 Casts a disdainful frown.

How oft are we deceived
 By this bewitching dame ?
 She comes in garb of friendship,
 And says that is her name.

When first you do behold her,
 You think her true indeed ;
 But when true friendship enters,
 She hides her guilty head.

By base insinuation,
 She forms her fatal snare,
 And numerous are the victims
 Deluded by the fair.

False fair one, fly my presence !
 Ne'er come again to me,
 I always crave thy absence,
 For we can ne'er agree.

But, friendship ! sacred stranger,
To thee I fain would fly ;
For tears of sweet compassion
Still sparkle in thine eye.

Sweet nymph ! where shall I find thee,
Oh ! where thy footsteps trace ?
I would in some lone bower,
With thee to spend my days.

Come, sweet, celestial friendship !
I fain would call thee mine ;
And on thy constant bosom,
My weary head recline.

MILLENNIUM'S DAWN.

CHRISTIANS rejoice, lift up your eyes,
And hail millennium's dawn—
See how the gloom of error flies
Before the gospel sun !

Behold the glorious harbingers
Of that auspicious day,
When the sweet babe of Bethlehem
Shall earth's proud millions sway !

That kingdom is indeed begun
Which never more shall cease,
But with eternal ages round
Its glories shall increase.

Oh God ! we look for wondrous things,
According to thy word ;
Earth shall be purified from sin,
And Eden's bliss restored.

With courage bold the watchmen stand
On Zion's sacred wall—
They raise their voice at God's command,
And cry aloud to all.

The heralds fly o'er land and sea,
Proclaiming God's free grace—
They preach eternal liberty
To Adam's fetter'd race.

Jesus, that sweet, melodious name,
Echoes from shore to shore,
Its charms the savage monsters tame,
No power could tame before.

It swells the heavenly harpers' songs,
It rolls through earth and sky,
Flows from the heav'n-born heathen's tongue
In softest melody.

The love that tunes the seraph's lyre
Is streaming from the skies—
Poor mortals catch the hallow'd fire
And taste immortal joys.

Lo! in the desert, drear and waste,
A stream of mercy flows,
And in the barren wilderness
Blooms Sharon's beauteous rose.

The raging lion, changed by grace,
Grows peaceful, mild, and calm,
While near the asp the suckling plays,
The wolf dwells with the lamb.

Soon universal peace shall reign,
And righteousness abound ;
A brother's blood in battle slain,
No more shall drench the ground.

Oh glorious truth ! that happy day
Is swiftly rolling on ;
" Thy kingdom come," oh ! Lord, we pray,
Thy will on earth be done.

But see yon sable flag rear'd high,
The powers of hell surroud ;
By deep, infernal plots they try
The Scriptures to confound.

The sceptic now, with might and main,
God's holy Word assails,—
But all his wicked schemes are vain—
That Word o'er earth prevails.

Oh yes ! that blessed Word shall stand
When worlds are in a flame—
When every knee shall prostrate bend,
At Jesus' conq'ring name.

Go on, ye messengers of grace !
You'll wear the victor's crown :
Lo ! error's " baseless fabric shaks,"
E'en now 'tis tumbling down.

Before the blood-stain'd, conq'ring cross,
Proud antichrist must fall,
And Jesus and his blessed cause
Shall triumph over all.

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT

ON THE DEATH OF HER CHILD.

MOTHER.

AH ! WHERE'S my pretty blossom gone,
In which my heart delighted ?
My little bud was scarcely blown,
Ere cruel winds it blighted.

COTTAGE MUSINGS.

I saw it droop its glossy head,
I saw its beauties languish,
I saw its tints begin to fade,
Which fill'd my heart with anguish.

I still had hopes it would revive,
And all its charms recover,
Until I saw the foe arrive,
It from my heart to sever.

Oh earth ! thy charms yield no relief
To this poor, aching bosom—
In pensive sighs I'll vent my grief
For thee, my absent blossom !

CHILD.

Oh ! mother, mother, cease to mourn,
Look up to this bright bower ;
Behold what beauties now adorn
Thy once poor dying flower :

If thou shouldst please my Owner's eye,
And heav'nly graces cherish,
Thou too shalt be remov'd on high,
In this sweet bow'r to flourish :

But if unfruitful thou remain,
And slight my Owner's favor.
He'll banish thee to endless pain.
And we shall meet—no, never !

THE CATASTROPHE.

Written on viewing the ruins of the Building that fell May the 5th. 1835
the corner of Cliff and Fulton-streets, New-York.

OH WHAT a scene !—Buried beneath this heap
Lie the fond hopes of many a joyous heart !
The youth is here : he left his happy home,

Designing to return ere Sol's last rays
 Should shed his glory on the eastern hills.
 Alas ! how transient are earth's brightest hopes !
 Oh, how precarious her securest joys !
 Ruin is graven on her highest bliss.
 The blooming youth lies crush'd beneath this mass :
 His eyes were yet undimm'd by sorrow's tears ;
 Their brilliancy bespoke a buoyant heart,
 Which life's dull cares had not depress'd ; health brac'd
 His nerves ; his step was agility itself ;
 His motion graceful ; and the new-blown rose
 Play'd on his cheek in all its native glee ;
 While hope's bright wreath, of various vivid hues,
 Bloom'd in luxuriance on his polish'd brow
 Where wasting grief had never set her seal,
 And promis'd many years of happiness.
 But lo ! the beautiful rose has lost its charms !
 The frost of death has nipt hope's lovely flowers.
 Say, dear Ianthia, does not thy fond heart
 Forebode some evil tidings ?—heardst thou not
 That thundering crash, that just now shook the ground ?
 Hark ! now its rumbling echo dies away
 In awful murmurs,—haste thee, gentle maid,
 Haste to the fatal scene,—for lo ! the form
 Of thy devoted lover mangled lies,
 Bleeding and crush'd beneath the ruin'd pile !
 That heart, once wont to thrill with pleasures deep,
 At the soft music of Ianthia's voice,
 Is cold and motionless as though no fire
 Of love had ever lit its altar pure.
 Ianthia ! wither'd are thy budding hopes :
 Oh ! learn from this, fair maid, to build thy hopes,
 Nor set thy heart on *naught* beneath the skies.

The man of years lies here : the husband too,
 Whose bosom glow'd with soft, conjugal love :
 Perchance the wife, a few short hours ago,
 With the soft smiles of sweet affection, bade
 The object of her love the *l'adieu* !
 Oh ! say, ye pensive, ye bereaved one,

Did no dark cloud of sad, foreboding fear,
Cast o'er your joy's bright sky a transient gloom,
When the last impress of confiding love

Was left upon thy lips ?

The father, too, lies here—endearing name !
Who felt the chords of sweet, parental love,
Twine closely round his heart, too firm for aught,
Save death, to sever : how, with joyous soul,
He printed on the healthful rosy cheeks
Of his sweet cherub babes, (unconsciously,)

The last sad kiss ;

No longer now he hears their prattling tongues
Lisping his name, in artless, childish accents.

The Christian, too, lies here : who oft, amid
The din of worldly cares, uprais'd his soul
To Heaven, in silent, humble, ardent prayer,
And felt the sweet refreshing drops of grace,
Like soft, descending dew, to cheer his heart ;
Who, like a faithful servant, watch'd the hour
When his beloved Master should appear :
We trust he heard that sweet, harmonious voice,
(That fills all heaven with melting melody,)
Call him up higher, to those exalted seats
Prepar'd for all who bear the Saviour's cross.—

Alas ! what finite mind can comprehend

The dark, mysterious ways of Providence ?

Oh ! ye bereaved, whose hearts are torn with grief,
The wounds whereof still bleed afresh, that yet

No balm hath heal'd—

Stand still,

And with deep, reverential awe, adore

That God whose dispensations *all* are love,

Though envelop'd in whirlwinds, clouds, and storms !

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED FRIEND.

FAREWELL, Maria ! 'tis affection's tear
That falls for thee, once my companion dear :
Alas ! sweet girl ! swiftly thy years have flown—
Thy morning sun set long before 'twas noon !

Farewell, Maria ! Oh, how fain would I
Have stood beside thee, and beheld thee die !
Oh ! that I could have seen that beauteous face,
As it was withering in death's cold embrace !

Farewell, Maria ! happy hours adieu,
When first our youthful hearts each other knew !
Oft as I think on thee, the pensive sigh
Will swell this bosom while you mouldering lie.

Farewell, Maria !—Though thy well-form'd dust
Must blend with common earth—oh ! may we trust,
'Through the rich merits of redeeming Love,
Thy spirit lives in fairer climes above !

THE CHARMS OF EARLY RISING.

'Tis sweet to rise at early dawn,
And view the blushing east,
And ramble o'er the verdant lawn,
On nature's charms to feast.

While softest zephyrs fan the flowers,
And songsters plume their wings,
And sweet sequester'd groves and bowers
With melting music rings.

When the young rose, in native pride, *
Glow's with the richest dye,
And countless gems on every side
Delight the wand'ring eye.

When the sweet violet opens her eye
 To the first blush of day,
 And notes of praise are sounding high
 From every leafy spray.

TO AN UNKNOWN SISTER-IN-LAW.

On the death of her husband, Mr. G. M. C., who died July 12th, 1823, in consequence of being crushed beneath a loaded wagon.

'Tis sweet to mourn with those who mourn,
 And mingle tears with those that flow
 In silence o'er the mouldering urn
 Of those once held most dear below.

Sister ! although unknown to me,
 Deep in my heart your sorrow lies ;
 'Tis friendship's noble sympathy
 That swells my bosom with these sighs.

Sister ! there is a sacred charm
 With friendship's golden chord entwined ;
 Its spell can lull grief's raging storm,
 And calm the tempest of the mind.

Sister ! thy loss is great indeed,
 Yet hope illumines it, (sweet relief !)
 Thy partner lives,—he is not dead—
 But only left this world of grief.

While weeping o'er "departed worth,"
 A ray from heav'n dispels the gloom—
 'Tis Hope—blest Hope !—she visits earth,
 And hovers round the Christian's tomb.

While in the grave his precious clay
 Slumbers beneath the waving grass,
 His gentle spirit soars away,
 To dwell in Jesus lov'd embrace.

Go, sister, to high Heaven bow,
He knows thy spirit's keenest smart,
He has a cordial for each woe,
A balm to heal thy bleeding heart.

On Jesus cast thy heavy load,
He's all compassion in distress,
He is the helpless widow's God—
A father to the fatherless.

ON THE DEATH OF Z. D.,

A SABBATH SCHOLAR.

ADIEU, fond mother ! cease to weep for me,—
Suppress those pensive sighs that swell thy breast ;
I've only laid aside mortality,
To wear the shining garments of the blest.

I've only clos'd my eyes on scenes of woe,
And bid adieu to sorrow, grief, and pain,
To gaze on scenes where untold beauties glow,
And tune my harp with this bright infant train.

Oh ! change your sorrows to glad songs of praise,—
Though from thy heart an only son is riven,
It has magnified the Saviour's dying grace,
And touch'd another chord of love in heaven.

On earth my infant tongue began the theme,
Ere guardian angels kiss'd my soul away ;
But lo ! that little, glimm'ring, dawning beam,
Has burst upon me—an eternal day !

Adieu, my father !—Oh ! had I the power
To fly on these bright pinions down to earth—
Could I converse with thee for one short hour,
A deeper joy you'd feel than at my birth.

But here are songs which mortals must not bear,
 And here are joys which mortals must not feel ;
 Far, far too sweet for flesh and blood to bear,
 Far too sublime for angel tongue to tell.

Now, oh ! my father, oh ! what raptures sweet
 Fill every power of my expanding soul !
 While bowing at my Saviour's pierced feet,
 I join loves melting numbers as they roll.

Then cease to mourn—dry up those trembling tears,
 For lo ! the bitterness of death is past ;
 Grieve not o'er blighted hopes of future years—
 Be calm, your darling Zenas is at rest.

And when your flutt'ring spirits are set free,
 If Heav'n command, I'll swiftly wing my flight,
 With joyful angels, down the etherial way,
 To escort my kindred to these realms of light.

Adieu, my sisters, and my schoolmates dear !
 Think not my spirit sleeps in yonder tomb :
 Ah, no ! it ranges in a nobler sphere—
 In heav'n's fair clime, where flow'rs immortal bloom !

TO AN INTERESTING YOUNG LADY

DESTITUTE OF RELIGION.

SAY, dear Gertrude, does friendship dwell
 In such a fickle world as this ?
 Hast thou not felt her magic spell
 Shed round thy heart celestial bliss ?

Ah, yes ! thy countenance betrays
 The secret I desir'd to know ;
 Methinks I see pure friendship's rays
 Beam brightly on thy youthful brow.

But oh ! there are sublimer joys,
 Where friendship and religion meet—
 A charm that never droops or dies,
 That fills the soul with rapture sweet.

Oh ! may these sacred virtues join'd
 Conduct you through this vale of woe,
 And weave a fadeless wreath : ' entwine
 To bloom upon thy youthful brow !

Then when thy days are number'd all,
 And thou shalt bid earth's scenes adieu
 May'st thou from this terrestrial ball
 Ascend to bliss for ever new.

THE CHURCH'S TRIUMPH.

BEHOLD ! she comes, ye nations, beaming with rays refulgent;
 See how she waves her immortal blood-stain'd banner !
 As she advances in the gospel chariot,
 Nations fall before her.

See how her crown sparkles with those blood-bought rubies :
 Truth is her sceptre, righteousness her breast-plate,
 Faith is her broad shield, proof against the arrows
 Of the old Apollion.

See yon glittering weapon ! 'tis the sword of the spirit ;
 Manfully she wields it, confident of victory
 Over all her enemies ; even death no longer triumphs,
 Chain'd by the Saviour.

Look, earth ! and wonder at her shining garments ;
 Oh ! how they dazzle thy false decaying splendor :
 Rob'd in the Sun of Righteousness, whose peerless radiance
 Darken the lamps of heaven.

Countless celestial armies constantly attend her ;
 Sent by Jehovah, they fly on rapid pinions
 Invisible to mortals, but seen through faith's telescope,
 Hovering all around her.

Lo ! prison doors fly open at her signal :
 And the joyful captive's cruel chains are sever'd,
 Blind eyes are open'd, the dumb break forth in praises,
 The lame for joy are leaping.

Once she was driven to caves of the mountain,
 And to dens of the wilderness ; but God was her defender,
 In perils she triumphed, the moon was beneath her
 Waxing and waning.

Oh ! thou persecuted ; once thy strength seem'd feeble,
 But now thou art riding from conquering unto conquest,—
 All earth's proud millions, combin'd with Satan's forces,
 Cannot overthrow thee.

Lo ! ye proud sceptics, quake with consternation,
 All your inventions are vain to impede her progress,
 Jehovah's word prevails, your rotten foundation .
 Fast crumbles to ruin.

Though hell's malicious king employs all his engines,
 Sceptic, flame and faggot, and horrid inquisition,
 Still in the strength of the great Prince Immanuel,
 The Church shall prove victorious.

THE VAIN ROSE TREE.

THERE was a pale, but lovely flower,
 Grew on a forest tree :
 Its tender beauties every hour,
 Were opening gracefully.
 Oft was this pretty flower caress'd.
 And clasp'd to many a stranger's breast.

The parent tree, with conscious pride,
 Beheld its budding charms :
 No pains were spar'd, no means untried,
 To shield it from the storms.
 Awhile it finely throve and bloom'd,
 And fill'd the bower with sweet perfume.

But ah ! the thoughtless tree forgot
The faithful owner's toil :
How from a barren wild he brought
Her to a fruitful soil ;
This fragile flower she idolized,
And naught by her so highly prized.

With fondness she would say, my dear,
Ah ! who shall thee molest ;
What cruel hand shall venture near
To pluck thee from my breast ?
Protected by thy mother's care,
No tree shall boast a bud so fair.

Though ruffian winds come sweeping b,
To tear thee from my side,
Thy little heart shall breathe no sigh,
Thy pretty head I'll hide ;
Softly the gentle dews shall drop
On my sweet bud, my future hope.

On whisp'ring zephyrs of the morn,
On evening's softest gales,
Thy balmy breath shall hence be borne,
O'er distant hills and vales ;
Enraptur'd eyes on thee shall gaze,
And tongues shall speak my flow'ret's praise.

Thus did this silly boasting tree,
Fancy her hopes secure,
Nor dream that heaven's high decree,
Would blast them in an hour :
She little thought the fatal storm
Was gathering o'er its beauteous form.

But, oh ! the fearful tempest came,
It darken'd all the sky :
And shook the tender beauty's frame
As it came rushing by.
Its lovely tints began to fade,
It sigh'd, and droop'd its glossy head.

Just then the Owner chanc'd that way,
And passing all the rest,
He gently pluck'd that blossom gay,
And plac'd it on his breast.—
Transplanted where no tempests roar,
It blooms a sweet immortal flower.

What language shall attempt to paint
Her agonizing grief :
She vents her woes without restraint,
To consolation deaf ;
She pines in silence all alone,
And weeps for her sweet blossom gone.

For many months she felt the wound,
And sorrows thence would flow :
Until her Owner kindly bound
A balsom to her woe.
Her heart no more vain bliss beguiles,
She glories in her Owner's smiles.

Ye tender mothers, oh beware !
Nor like this silly tree
Adore your babes, (though passing fair)
'Tis gross idolatry.
There dwells a God supreme, above,
Yield him your heart's first, warmest love.

THE DEAD CHILD RESTORED TO LIFE.

A father once to Jesus came,
His heart with anguish bled—
Jairus was the mourner's name,
His darling one was dead.

Trembling, he fell at Jesus' feet,
Implor'd his kind relief :
Lo ! Jesus with compassion sweet,
Beheld a father's grief.

Oh ! mourner, dry those flowing tears,
 Be strong in faith, nor grieve ;
 Banish thy sorrows, quell thy fears,
 Thy darling child shall live.

Be calm ! the Saviour mildly said,
 Oh ! why so sadly weep ?
 The little damsel is not dead,
 But only fallen asleep.

Then gently took her clay-cold hand,
 Damsel, I say, arise !
 At his omnipotent command,
 She op'd her radiant eyes.

A joy too deep to be reveal'd,
 Now fill'd a father's breast,
 He saw his lifeless daughter heal'd,
 And Jesus' power confess'd.

Oh, Jesus ! though enthron'd above,
 Thy power is still the same :
 Thy love is everlasting love,
 And boundless is thy fame.

A SONG OF PRAISE FOR UNEXAMPLED LOVE.

Oh ! thou invisible to mortal sight,
 Fountain of love, eternal source of light !
 Myriads of spirits bow before thy throne,
 Each casting at thy feet a shining crown.
 Wilt thou permit, great Prince of boundless grace,
 A worthless worm to sing her Maker's praise ?
 Come, love divine, inspire my heart and tongue,
 Come sweet devotion animate my song.
 'Twas love that brought thee from the bowers of bliss,
 To suffer poverty and deep disgrace.
 Oh, love infinite ! Jesus, stoop so low,
 To save rebellious man from endless woe ;

Oh ! sin, how didst thou mar that beauteous face,
 On which bright seraph spirits dare not gaze ;
 But while his lofty praise each angel sings,
 He veils his face with both his radiant wings.
 Lo ! what transcendant glory now adorns
 That sacred brow, once pierc'd with cruel thorns ?
 That body, once extended on the tree,
 A spectacle did man and angel see !
 But lo ! what matchless glories now surround
 That lovely form, grace streams from every wound.
 Oh ! meditate my soul, on Jesus' love,
 For thee he left those blissful seats above :
 For a lost, guilty world, he spilt his blood,
 He now invites,—wash in the purple flood.
 Jesus, I come, low at thy feet I bow,
 Thy love hast won me, come possess me now.
 Accept my sinful heart, and reign within,
 Till purified by love, I cease from sin.
 Then Saviour, let me sweetly sink to rest,
 From every woe, upon thy gentle breast.

THE SOUL PANTING FOR FULL REDEMPTION.

THOU precious, wounded Lamb of God,
 Who was for sinners slain,—
 Oh ! wash me in thy cleansing blood,
 From every sinful stain.

Sweet Jesus ! let my ransom'd powers
 Be given up to thee :
 And to thy cause, my fleeting hours
 Wholly devoted be.

Thy last expiring groans can break,
 The adamant heart,—
 Sweet pardon to my soul they speak,
 And endless life impart.

Oh ! breathe a living faith in me,
 These clouds of darkness chase :
 While wand'ring here I fain would see,
 Some glimmerings of thy face.

Let heavenly hope, an anchor sure,
 Be to my wavering soul,
 While raging tempests round me roar,
 And billows o'er me roll.

Oh ! give me perfect charity,
 Let me this blessing prove,
 And plunge in the unfathom'd sea
 Of Jesus' boundless love.

May these sweet graces all unite,
 And in my soul expand :
 Until I gain perfection's height,
 And on mount Zion stand.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. HULDAH PRINDLE,

Who departed this life October 11th, 1823, aged 32 years.

CONSORT OF REV. CYRUS PRINDLE,

'Tis o'er ! the mortal strife is past,
 The pulse forgets to play :
 The imprison'd soul is freed at last,
 Has burst its house of clay.

Upward it wings its joyful flight,
 To swell the songs above,—
 To shine in blood-bought robes of white,
 And wear a crown of love.

Without a lingering groan or sigh,
 She laid her weapons down,
 When a sweet smile of heav'nly joy,
 Proclaim'd the victory won !

When lo ! a bright, celestial guard,
 Unseen by mortal eyes,
 Escort her up the ethereal road,
 O'er countless worlds they rise.

Adieu to earth, with all its woes,
Its sufferings, griefs, and fears,
I go where purest pleasure flows
Unsoil'd by sorrow's tears.

A soul redeem'd from yonder world,
By Jesus' boundless grace—
Open ye glittering gates of pearl,
And let a comrade pass.

Salute her all, ye blood-wash'd choir,
She's purified from sin ;
Ye seraphs raise your anthems higher,
And hail her welcome in.

And now, with all the heav'nly throng,
She plumes her radiant wings,
While free salvation's peerless song,
Through heaven's high concave rings.

Oh ! happy state, releas'd from pain,
No more by grief oppress'd ;
Who but would gladly die to gain
That sweet and heavenly rest ?

What Christian, but would nobly dare
To wade through seas of blood ;
Through tears, and grief, and sufferings, bear
The cross, to reign with God ?

And shall we mourn, that she so soon
Hath gain'd the immortal prize ?
Her sun hath only set at noon,
More glorious still to rise.

Soon, soon that lovely clay refin'd,
Shall burst the darksome tomb,—
Shall with its own triumphant mind,
In deathless beauty bloom.

Oh ! *thou*, from whose fond bleeding heart,
 A bosom friend is riven,
 Short is the time ye're call'd to part,
 She waits for you in heaven.

Ye tender babes ! suppress your tears,
 Your mother's gone before,
 To hail you in that world of bliss,
 Where ye may weep no more.

ON HEARING A SERMON,

Preached by the Rev. Mr. B, from John 3d and 14th.

BEHOLD ! a herald of the Saviour's cross,
 Who tramples on the world with all its pride :
 And counts all earthly things but worthless dross,
 So he may preach Christ Jesus crucified.

His countenance beams forth that peace of mind,
 That none possess, but those that love the Lord :
 Hope's glorious wreath around his temples twine—
 While manfully he wields the Spirit's sword.

Clothed in the robes of deep humility,
 While righteousness a breast-plate guards his heart,
 Shielded by faith, his bitterest enemy
 The old Apollian, hurls a powerless dart.

His feet are shod with the rich gospel peace,
 Prepared to walk the narrow road to heaven ;
 His heaven-born soul partakes of God's free grace,
 And knows, through Jesus, all his sins forgiven.

What melting love o'erflowed my ravish'd heart,
 While he described mount Calvary's tragic scene :
 I felt at once my unbelief depart,
 And saw by faith, the Lord of glory slain.

Behold ! he cried, as Moses lifted high,
 'The brazen-serpent in the wilderness,
 So must the son of man for sinners die,
 A prey to insolence and deep disgrace.

How hard must be that heart, that does not move,
 While he unveils the Saviour's agony !
 Can they have ever known his pardoning love,
 Who sleep in dull insensibility?

With joyful hope, I heard his lips proclaim,
 Although this tottering frame must soon decay,
 If I in death can cry, behold the Lamb !
 For all my trials this will richly pay.

Thou messenger of peace ! if heav'n will permit,
 Still raise God's great victorious standard high ;
 May scores of ransom'd souls flock round it yet,
 - As stars to deck thy crown above the sky.

Then, when thy great and glorious warfare's o'er,
 Angels will bear thee to the realms of peace :
 There, pain and sickness rack the limbs no more,
 Nor sorrow enters those abodes of bliss.

Oh ! there shall grief no more thy bosom swell,
 Nor Satan rage o'er thy devoted soul,
 But lost in love with Jesus thou shalt dwell,
 Where boundless pleasures doth forever roll.

ADVICE TO MY NEPHEW.

EARTH's brightest joys are fleeting,
 As chaff before the wind—
 Dear Franklin let this lesson,
 Engage your tender mind.

The charms of youth and beauty,
 Must shortly fade away :
 Life's lovely blooming roses,
 Must wither and decay,

In all your enterprises,
Let virtue be your guide,
Then o'er life's stormy ocean,
Your bark shall safely ride.

May heavenly understanding
Direct your ardent soul,—
A sound, unbiass'd judgment,
Your every wish control.

Hast thou a fertile fancy,
Where flowers spontaneous grow ?
Then cultivate the garden,
And heaven will more bestow.

Oft from the world's commotion,
In solitude retire,
Where the flame of true devotion,
Will set your soul on fire.

On wings of meditation,
There your free soul may rise,
And lost in contemplation,
Taste pure, celestial joys.

Earth cannot boast such pleasures,
Such sweet, substantial bliss :
Peru, with all her treasures,
Is dross compared to this.

Fair Science's sacred garden
Unfolds its golden doors :
Though poor, you there may enter,
And banquet in her stores.

Go, range her sylvan bowers,
And sip her sweets refin'd :
Yes, cull the choicest flowers,
To decorate your mind.

But mind this simple caution,
Don't pluck a noxious weed—
Or in a day approaching,
T' may cause your heart to bleed.

The weeds of rankest venom,
Are Hume, Voltaire, and, Paine ;
And Byron, too, with others,
Alas ! have thousands slain.

There's one that blossoms weekly,
Enquirer Free, by name,
And all who suck its poison,
Are deaf, and blind, and lame.

There too, grow various blossoms,
Stamp'd with the seal of truth,
Glowing with dyes immortal;
Wholesome for age or youth.

There, blooms the witching novel,
Dress'd out in fair disguise,
Her robes so rich embroider'd,
Conceals the grossest lies.

There, blooms the blessed gospel,
Clad in eternal green,
And life's pure crystal fountain,
Close by its roots are seen.

It bears and blossoms hourly,
And more, though strange, is true,
The dead, by its influence,
Are brought to life anew.

It yields such powerful virtue
For every human grief,
That thousands have been healed,
By less than half a leaf.

It sets the lame to leaping,
 Its opes the blinded eyes :
 It sets the dumb to praising,
 It makes the foolish wise.

Millions beneath its branches,
 Have found a safe retreat,—
 And millions of all nations,
 Shall feel its virtues yet.

Go, then, beloved nephew,
 And rest beneath its shade,
 From sin's destructive tempest,
 'Twill shield thy youthful head.

But, now, with some reluctance,
 We'll bid a short farewell,
 To Literature's garden
 On other scenes to dwell.

Perhaps your mind, like Milton's,
 Would range through Eden's bowers,
 Where Eve, with father Adam,
 Spent their first sinless hours.

And travel roads celestial,
 Up to Jehovah's throne,
 From whence rebellious angels
 Were hurl'd in vengeance down.

Would you as did your namesake,*
 With the vivid lightning play ?
 Or with the curious Newton,
 Those flaming worlds survey ?

Like Young, the pensive poet,
 Would you devote your time—
 And in his soaring chariot,
 Rise to the great sublime ?

Or tell me, does Ambition
 Exalt the hero's name,
 And fire thy youthful bosom
 To daring deeds of fame.

*Dr. Benjamin Franklin.

Ah ! does she point you yonder,
Where crimson stains the ground,
Where the groans of the departing,
In mournful cadence sound ?

Where the cannon's pealing thunder,
And the hollow, pensive drum,
In numbers sad and solemn,
Chants the dying's requiem ?

Though wars bring desolation,
If freedom's cause demand,
'Tis just in the defensive
To take the sword in hand.

Where ever duty leads you,
There, fearless follow on—
But like our patriot father,
First bow at heaven's throne.

If e'er the voice of freedom,
Should call you to the field,
To your country's proud oppressor
I trust you'd scorn to yield.

For fair Columbia's honor,
May all her sons awake ;
All in a cause so noble,
The sword may justly take.

Long, Liberty, blest genius !
Shall grace our happy land,
While the fearless sons of courage,
Unite both heart and hand.

Lo ! o'er our peaceful nation,
The conquering eagle soars ;
His wings are wide expanded,
To guard Columbia's shores.

But, let us for a season,
Bid scenes of war adieu ;
Far, far sublimer objects,
I'd have you now pursue.

See sweet, benign, Religion,
With soft, engaging charms,
Stands waiting to embrace you,
Oh ! hasten to her arms.

While Hope's bright wreath is blooming,
In beauty on your brow,
In youth's fair cloudless morning,
Go at her altar bow.

When evening's sable curtain
Shall shroud the earth in gloom,
Oh ! let thy prayers to heaven,
Ascend as sweet perfume.

And when sweet rosy morning
Awakes with blushes bright,
In praise to thy Creator,
With countless hearts unite.

With grateful soul adoring,
That power by whose command,
(To guard your helpless slumbers)
The flaming angels stand.

Dear Franklin, be entreated
To give your heart to God,
And seek the one thing needful,
Faith in the Saviour's blood.

Then, when your days are numbered,
On love's strong wings you'll rise,
To join those ransom'd harpers
In the groves of Paradise.

STANZAS :

WRITTEN FOR A YOUNG LADY AT HER OWN REQUEST.

DEAR friend, the kind advice you ask
 I will most freely give,
 And think it quite a pleasant task,
 If you'll the same receive.

Ah, Mary ! does thy youthful heart
 Pant for the things of time ?
 Or wouldst thou choose a nobler part—
 Things heav'nly and sublime ?

You tell me cares oppress your mind,
 And sorrows swell your breast ;
 They say to you, cast earth behind,
 And seek in God thy rest.

Set not thy heart on earth's poor dross,
 It glitters to betray,
 Nor court this flattering world's applause,
 Nor her commands obey.

If you would those bright glories share,
 Reserv'd for all the just,
 You must avoid sin's fatal snare,
 And in the Saviour trust.

Ah ! could you feel the sacred joys
 That from Religion flows,
 In spite of all this world's gay toys,
 This heav'nly friend you'd choose.

Each night, ere slumber seals thine eyes,
 At mercy's altar bow,
 There, in sweet, contrite, balmy sighs,
 Pour out thy weight of woe.

Each morning let the rising sun
 Be witness of thy pray'rs ;
 Oh ! bend at Heav'n's gracious throne,
 And cast on God your cares.

COTTAGE MUSINGS.

There raise your soul in strong desires,
Till you his goodness prove,
Till Jesus' love your bosom fires,
And bears your mind above.

Perhaps you think the Saviour's grace
Does not extend to you ;
'Tis free, 'tis boundless as the seas—
Believe these words are true.

"Ho ! every one that thirsts," he cries,
"To living waters come ;"
My grace each thirsty soul supplies,
For all, for you there's room.

Oh ! look by faith to Calvary,
Behold the Son of God !
Hark ! how he groans on yonder tree,
He sinks beneath your load.

Go, Mary, kneel down by his cross,
With all your weight of sin,
Go, cast this world away as dross,
A glorious crown to win.

Go, freely wash in Jesus' blood,
Bathe in that crimson tide ;
Sink in that precious, purple flood,
That flow'd from his dear side.

Just as you are, with all your guilt,
Fall at his sacred feet—
Immanuel's cleansing blood was spilt,
To make the sinner meet.

Oh ! may the Saviour's matchless charms
Compel you to believe ;
To fall in mercy's bleeding arms,
Nor more his goodness grieve.

Oh ! may you feel the pleasing smart
 That from repentance springs ;
 Those meltings of a broken heart,
 That true salvation brings.

Oh ! may you strive through Jesus' power,
 To cease from every sin :
 And from this blest, this sacred hour,
 A holy life begin.

THE NAMELESS CHARM.

WHEN pure congenial spirits meet,
 As they too seldom do ;
 They feel a bliss exquisite sweet,
 Within their bosoms glow.

A soft and thrilling tenderness,
 Deep in the heart enroll'd,—
 Which pen, nor pencil can express,
 Nor mortal tongue unfold.

A certain sensibility
 Which hath not been defin'd,
 A diamond we too rarely see
 Adorn the human mind.

A dialect, that Jehovah's hand
 Upon the heart hath graven,
 Which none can read, or understand,
 Save he to whom 'tis given.

'Tis he alone, whose yielding soul
 The same inscription bears,
 Can fully solve the mystic whole
 Of these deep characters.

This nameless something so refin'd,
Its worth cannot be told ;
It hath, and will forever bind,
Hearts form'd in the same mould.

As two smooth rivers, when they meet,
Mingle their waves in one,
Thus souls like-form'd for friendship sweet,
In union deep flow on.

This bright, celestial ruby, rare,
Though found beneath the skies,
I've sought with most assiduous care,
But seldom found the prize.

'Tis friendship's fairest, sweetest flower,
'Tis virtue's counterpart ;
It soothes, in sorrow's darkest hour,
The wounded, bleeding heart.

A plant, of heavenly origin,
Drop'd from the bowers above—
To bloom on earth, then rise again
To the sweet groves of love.

'Tis the soft fibre of pure love,
Spun by infinite art :
By wisdom infinite, inwove
In every noble heart.

The sordid soul, insensible
To beauties so sublime :
May call it weakness, ignoble,
Or if they please, a whim.

But, oh, blest power invisible !
How dark would be my days,
If I were doom'd no more to feel,
Thy mild, benignant rays !

I sometimes hear a gentle word—
Soft on my ear it breaks,
And instantly a slumbering chord,
In my sad heart awakes.

Oh ! 'tis the sacred charms of love,
Which time nor death can sever,—
It binds the happy souls above,
In union firm—forever.

It makes Religion's smiles more sweet,
Shines brightest in distress :
Sheds round domestic joys complete,
Yea, heaven's own loveliness.

Easy impress'd by joy or grief,
Alive to gratitude ;
But trembles like an aspen leaf,
Touch'd by unkindness rude,

It moves at soft compassion's voice,
It melts at human woe—
It banquets on ambrosial joys,
While tears profusely flow.

THE PENITENT.

'Twas on a cloudy winter's day,
The earth was rob'd in white,
And icicles from every spray,
Shone beautifully bright.

A youthful maiden, mild and fair,
Charming as cloudless skies—
Toward heaven, in deep, and silent prayer,
She rais'd her dark, blue eyes.

COTTAGE MUSINGS.

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At the-baptismal font she knelt,
To covenant with her God ;
Her heart, late torn by anguish, felt
Sweet peace in Jesus' blood.

The blessed, penitential tears,
Roll'd down her rosy cheeks,
As thoughts of former sinful years
Upon her memory breaks.

Hark ! Cynthia, 'tis the Saviour's voice—
Behold his bleeding side !
Come, let your trembling heart rejoice,
'Twas for thy sins he died. !

She sees by faith her dying Lord,
She feels his flowing blood—
And plunges all her sins and woes,
In-Calvary's crimson flood.

TENDER RECOLLECTIONS.

FAREWELL ! joyous days of childhood,
Sweetly, swiftly have ye flown—
Farewell ! sweet, romantic wild-wood,
And thou lovely verdant lawn.

Oft in childish mood I've rambled,
O'er yon flower-enamell'd green,
My light heart with pleasure bounding,
No dark sorrows dimm'd the scene.

Oh ! thou peaceful, rural cottage,
How fond memory clings to thee !
Happy place, where oft my father,
Smiling, placed me on his knee.

COTTAGE MUSINGS.

Where my much lov'd, tender mother,
Wip'd away my transient tears :
Sweetly sooth'd my fancied sorrows,
Hush'd to rest my childish fears.

Methinks I almost see the river,*
White with many a spreading sail,—
Fraught with treasures sweetly gliding,
With a soft and pleasant gale.

I almost see the old grey mountains,
Just behind our humble cot,
And the moss-edged, crystal fountains,
Whence I drank the cooling draught.

I almost hear the little songsters,
In the cool, sequester'd grove,
Caroling to the rosy morning,
In melting strains, their notes of love.

Fancy, oh ! how false and glowing,
Painted future scenes as bright :
Not one shade of heart felt anguish,
Came within my ravish'd sight.

Adieu ! sweet hours and scenes of gladness,
Rainbow-charms too bright to last,—
Though ye're gone, still recollection
Feasts on happy seasons past.

Halcyon days now fled forever,
Fled before I knew your worth—
Bearing on your hasty pinions,
All the purest bliss of earth.

Now ye're gone, shall I bewail ye ?
No—I see a form divine ;
'Tis Religion, child of heaven,
Fadeless beauties round her shine.

* Hudson.

Lo! she points to peerless treasures,
Tells me of a Saviour's grace,
My soul, attracted by her beauties,
Hastens to her lov'd embrace.

ON VIEWING THE GRAVE OF MY INFANT SON.

Oh! 'tis a lovely spot to me,
Where sleeps the beauteous clay
Of my sweet one—there memory
Loves pensively to stray.

To me, this little verdant mound,
No gloomy terror wears :
Hope sheds a radiant halo round,
And scatters all its fears.

Sleep on, sweet one, no angry storm
Molest thy deep repose—
Bright angels stoop to guard thy form,
Till Gabriel's trumpet blows.

Thy pretty little flaxen head,
So oft with pains distress'd,
Upon its earthly pillow laid,
Has sweetly sunk to rest.

Thy sparkling eyes, as sapphire bright,
Have lost their brilliancy,—
And, seal'd in death's long, dreamless night,
Forget to beam on me.

Of when my heart's with grief oppress'd,
I think on thee, my love,
How pure, how holy, is the rest
Thou dost enjoy above.

Much as I lov'd my darling boy,
 E'en from thy early birth,
 Could I, but by a single sigh,
 Recall thee back to earth :

That single sigh I would not breathe,
 No ! thou art blest, my child,
 Forbidden by an early death,
 To tread life's dreary wild.

Transplanted from the woes to come,
 In heaven's immortal bower,
 Through all eternity to bloom,
 A sweet and fadeless flower.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

THERE grows on earth a lovely tree,
 With never-fading verdure crown'd,
 Millions, beneath its canopy,
 From sin's dread storm have shelter found.

This tree, though once so small a seed,
 Sown by God's wise, unerring hand,
 To heaven now rears its lofty head,
 And spreads o'er all our happy land.

It blooms and bears throughout the year,—
 Close by its roots life's current flows,
 Its leaves, applied with faith and prayer,
 Will cure the worst of human woes.

Its various fruits beyond compare,
 Is beautiful to look upon—
 And to the taste, is sweeter far,
 Than honey, or the honey comb.

Its growth is wonderful indeed,
Far distant lands, its blessings feel,
And nations flock beneath its shade,
Their various maladies to heal.

Its limbs extend o'er land and sea,
Far to the south, north, east, and west ;
Even poor, insulted Africa,
Under its friendly branches rest.

That glorious day is rolling on,
When this great tree the earth shall fill—
When Satan's kingdom must come down,
And love, in copious showers distil.

Ride on, thou King Immanuel, ride !
Till hell's black prince shall be subdued,
Till all beneath thy cross abide,
And feel the virtue of thy blood.

TO THE REV. MR. C. P.

On his leaving the congregation at the B. street Church, N. Y. for another station.

FAREWELL ! dear herald of the Saviour's grace,
The deep, the sacred sigh of friendship, swells
Our hearts—and the big tears of grateful love,
We vainly strive to hide, rush to our eyes,
While faithful Memory, vividly portrays
Thine ardent admonitions : may they live,
When worlds on worlds shall melt away in fire.
Oh ! may they stand, deep graven on our hearts
In living lines, by Truth's unerring pen,
Dipp'd in the precious ink of Calvary.

Still may the lingering echo of that voice,
Which oft hath warned us of approaching wrath,
Sound in our ears, and urge to duty on.
Ah ! yes, methinks we long shall hear its sound,

In the pure fervor of effectual prayer,
 In the sweet strains of free salvation's songs.
 But, lo! the parting hour rolls on apace,
 And must we bid adieu, no more to meet?
 Alas! how melancholy such a thought;
 We'll banish it, as worthless of a place
 Within the hallowed bounds of Christian hope.
 See Faith, bright seraph! points above the skies,—
 She speaks in heavenly accents sweet, and says:
 Behold! yon glorious, countless company,
 Before the splendor of whose glittering robes,
 Yon dazzling orb of day, asham'd to shine,
 Would veil his radiant face.

We'll meet again.
 Jesus hath died—Jesus hath risen too:
 Oh! blessed, joyful truth, the sinner's plea,
 Yes, our Immanuel hath ascended high,
 And open'd on their golden hinges wide,
 The pearly gates of heaven to all his saints.
 Then let us banish every parting fear,
 We'll meet again, just o'er time's narrow stream.
 Oh! yes, when the dark clouds of mortal life,
 So deeply fraught with wretchedness and woe,
 Are lost in the mild atmosphere of heaven—
 When night no more shall spread her sable wing
 Across the earth, when days are swallowed up
 In the bright blaze of an eternal one.
 When we have slept the transient nap of death,
 And these frail caskets, now the spirit chains,
 Shall have dissolved and mingled with the dust,
 Shall hear the gladly, solemn, awful sound
 Of Gabriel's trump, ringing through earth and skies,
 Unbarring death's dark prisons under ground,
 And start to life anew, spring from the dust,
 All beauteous and refined, to die no more.
 'Tis then we'll meet, with rapturous joys we'll gaze
 Upon these self-same features—but how chang'd—
 What rays of glorious light shall then illumine
 The countenance, once grief-worn, pale and wan.

Those brows, where glistened once the dews of death,
Shall bloom with wreathes of immortality :
Oh, what a hope inspires the Christian's soul !

With bleeding hearts
We give thee up—go, faithful messenger !
We'll keenly feel our loss, but Jesus calls.
We bid thee an affectionate farewell,
Indulging the sweet hope to meet again.
Your skirts are clear, go lift the holy cross,
And hence depart. Lo ! other precious souls
Are waiting to embrace its sacred charms—
Still wave its lovely crimson banner high,
Fearless of mortal's smiles, or Satan's frowns ;
Heaven speed your journey, and your labors crown
With a rich harvest of immortal souls.

And when the Saviour comes to count his gems,
And set them in his mediatorial crown,
May you, my brother, in that diadem,
Among the bright refulgent number, stand
Deck'd with a glorious crown of endless joy—
Which shall, with many a blood-bought ruby shine
From this dear spot, from Greenwich village church.

THE NEW CREATION.

"LET there be light," was God's command,
And chaos roll'd away,—
The blue arch'd heaven, the sea, the land,
Laugh'd with resplendent day.

Shrouded in nature's sable night,
My soul in darkness pin'd :
Till Jesus spoke, and heavenly light
Shot through my pensive mind.

Bright, uncreated sun, whose beams
Diffuse eternal light,—
Whence rays of peerless glory streams,
Insufferably bright.

Oh! can I e'er forget that voice,
That spoke my sins forgiven—
And bade my trembling heart rejoice,
With glorious hopes of heaven?

Oh! soul-transporting, sacred hour,
Creation's charms were new,
Each vale, and mountain, tree, and flower,
Put on a deeper hue.

All nature seemed to sympathise,
As though she'd found a tongue,—
The limpid rills, the smiling skies,
Glory to Jesus sung.

Still bind me, Jesus, near thy side,
Lest I ungrateful prove,
Close shaker'd, let my soul abide,
'Neath thy broad wings of love.

Oh! never let me stray from thee,
But rise from grace to grace—
Till with yon blood-wash'd company,
I join to chant thy praise.

TO MY NEPHEW, B. F. S.

DEAR Franklin, while thy youthful heart,
Expands with hopes of future joys,
While this gay world, with flatt'ring art,
Would charm thee with her painted toys:

When budding beauties of the mind,
Are opening and begin to bloom,
Seek, and the path of virtue find,
There breathe to heaven the sweet perfume.

Oh ! haste, e'er life's distracting cares,
 Hath cross'd thy calm, unruff'd breast,—
 Or sorrow's silent, burning tears,
 Forbid your eyes to close in rest.

In the bright morning of your days,
 Haste to the mercy seat of God ;
 Go and implore the heavenly grace,
 And pardon, through Immanuel's blood.

Oh ! shun the gilded baits of vice,
 Nor bow at folly's glittering shrine,—
 Nor let the sinner thee entice,
 To leave the path of truth divine.

Would heaven-indulge my fond desire,
 In this dark world, I yet would see
 Franklin, a flame of heavenly fire,
 Proclaiming full salvation free.

Oh ! may your heart, like Wesley's, burn
 With love's pure, ardent, quenchless flame,
 Like him, o'er fallen sinners mourn,
 And point them to the bleeding Lamb.

And when your hours are number'd all,
 May angels waft thy soul above,—
 To join the harpers round the throne,
 In praises to redeeming love.

HEAVEN AND EARTH CONTRASTED.

This is a world of trouble,
 Where sorrow's heavy billows roll,
 Pleasure's a painted bubble,
 And wounds while it enchants the soul.

Here, fairest, sweetest blossoms,
 Are nipp'd by death's relentless frost,
 And hope's fresh opening beauties,
 By fatal disappointments cross'd.

The bloom of spring, so lovely,
And summer's mellow, glowing charms,
Droop on the breast of autumn,
And perish in cold winter's arms.

Here oft the brightest prospects,
Are crush'd by fell adversity,—
Here, wounded, bleeding friendship,
Too seldom meets true sympathy.

Here the blooming cheeks of beauty,
Are blasted, wither, and turn pale,
And snowy locks and wrinkles,
Are left o'er blighted charms to wail.

Here death, the mighty archer,
Oft shrouds the mind in dismal gloom,
Consigns alike the monarch,
And smiling infant to the tomb.

But rise my drooping spirits,
There is a world of cloudless joy,
It lies just over Jordan,
And ne'er beheld by mortal eye.

Mortality's too languid
To view the scenes of that bright land
Where sweet perennial flowers
Are by soft, healthful zephyrs fann'd

Affliction's fearful billows
Ne'er dash around that peaceful shore.
And Jordan's roaring waters
Affright the timid saint no more.

No pestilential vapors
Lurk in that lucid atmosphere
The pangs of wounded friendship
Nor bleeding hearts may enter there.

Here all is sweet assurance,
No clouds obscure those brilliant skies,
Doubts, sorrows, and temptations,
Are lost in love's pure rapturous joys:

Here spring-flowers bloom forever,
Glowing with variegated hues,
And life's transparent river
With soul-reviving water flows.

All hail ye heavenly bowers,
When shall I rest my weary soul
'Neath your sweet shades immortal,
Where pure unmingled pleasures roll.

SPRING.

Lo ! beauteous smiling spring is here,
With all her brilliant train,—
The howling tempests disappear,
She gladdens all the plain.

Where'er she treads, the opening flowers,
Their richest-tints display,
Kind heaven distils refreshing showers,
And gentle zephyrs play.

In the enchanting month of May,
When nature wears a smile,
Her glowing charms, each rising day,
The livelong hours beguile.

Now, oh ! how sweet at rosy dawn,
To softly wend my way,
Across yon dew-bespangled lawn,
Where flowers are blooming gay.

How sweet to listen to your lays,
 Blithe songsters of the grove—
 While warbling forth your Maker's praise,
 In simple notes of love.

'Tis sweet to rove along the beach,
 To view the rolling tide ;
 And on the bosom of the deep,
 The stately vessels glide.

'Tis sweet, when nature feels the power
 Of Sol's meridian glow,
 To rest beneath some leaf-wrought bower,
 Where limpid streamlets flow .

If nature's beauties can impart,
 (Which here we daily see)
 Such sweet sensations to the heart,
 What must heaven's glories be !

Here, mildest spring eternal reigns,
 And flowers that ne'er decay,
 There seraphs raise their sweetest strains,
 And angels join the lay.

There blood-wash'd spirits swell the theme,
 And holy ! holy ! cry,—
 They ever drink of love's pure stream,
 Fresh from the fount of joy.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

On her forsaking the paths of piety, and returning to the pleasures of the world

LET not false pleasure's syren voice,
 Allure thy feet from virtue's path,
 Jesus was once thy happy choice,
 The glorious object of thy faith.

Strange, that a heart once warm with Jesus' love,
 Should catch again at earth's unhallowed fire ;
 Strange, that a soul with heavenly manna fed,
 Should spurn the ambrosial food and starve on husks.

Lucinia, shall the Saviour's precious side
By thee be pierc'd afresh ? Can'st thou forget
The soft, deep music of that voice, which spoke
Thy sins forgiven, that roll'd the pond'rous weight
Of guilt from thy poor, pensive, burdened soul ?
Shall bleeding love no longer melt thy heart,
Has Jesus bled and died for thee in vain ?
Oh ! say, wilt thou, with such cold apathy,
Resign a glorious crown of endless life,
Resign thy right and title to a seat
In those bless'd mansions of eternal day,
And be forever banish'd from its joys,
Down to the fearful shades of rayless night ?
What ! forfeit heaven's high bliss, endure the pains,
Of never dying death, for one short hour
Of this poor world's false, fading, withering sweets ?
Folly, extreme ! oh, tell it not in Gath !
Lest earth's proud daughters triumph at thy fall.
Oh ! pause dear girl, come, let thy mind reflect,
Does this unfeeling world possess one charm
To soothe the anguish of a broken heart ?
Oh, no ! it wounds it deeper still, afresh
It opens all the pores of grief, and sends
The crystal torrents down the care-worn cheeks.
Lucinia, I have drank its pleasures false,
I've tried its joys, they're fickle as the wind,
Its comforts too, they're cruel as the grave ;
I've tried its friendship, but alas ! 'tis false
And slippery as the treacherous sliding sand ;
I've lean'd upon them all, and found them naught.
They flatter, but with secret skill they aim
And plunge the fatal arrow in the heart !
Dear friend, beware, trust not earth's gilded baits,—
Oh ! haste, with speed fly from the fearful edge
Of this steep precipice, which overhangs
The fiery billows of the second death.
Oh ! say, Lucinia, art thou yet resolved
To risk thy dear, immortal all, and plunge
Wilful and heedless, down the dark abyss
Of never-ending woe ?

Oh ! no, methinks it cannot, must not be :
 How shall I give thee up; how bid adieu—
 What grief exquisite, what emotions deep,
 Mingled with softest pity, swells my heart,—
 Stop, my Lucinia ; come, retrace thy steps;
 Cast yet another glance toward Calvary.

Behold the Lamb !

See ! from his precious, wounded, bleeding side,
 Life's purple waves flow down in healing streams,
 Lucinia, rise, in Jesus' name arise !
 Oh ! haste thee to that fount of love again,
 Again thou may'st wash all thy sins away,
 Again thou may'st in glorious hope rejoice.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND.

Come, sacred muse, descend with balmy wings,
 Touch with celestial fire, and tune anew
 My broken harp, long on the willows hung ;
 'Tis Friendship, sweetest nymph, demands the song—
 Shall I refuse ? Oh, no, her charming name
 Awakens into life each feeling fine,
 And moves the tenderest fibres of the heart.
 No ! dearest S. while reason sits enthron'd,
 And life's pure crimson current ebbs and flows,
 Though mountains huge, rear their majestic heads,
 And rivers broad, roll on their silver waves,
 And sever me from the tender friend I love,
 Yet never, never from this throbbing heart,
 Shall distance, time, or absence e'er crase
 Her dear, lov'd image, deep engraven there.
 Oh ! how fond memory loves to wander back
 To those delightful, dark, romantic shades
 Of lofty hemlock. Yes, she oft reviews
 With pensive eye, and sweet sensations too,
 The hallow'd spot, where once two genial souls
 Knelt, side by side, and breathed their mutual prayers.

Dear S. how memory lingers round the scene,
And numbers o'er those blissful moments fled,
Bedewing the dear, consecrated spot
With tears of sacred grief.

Sol had descended 'neath the western hills,
Nature was clad in robes of palest green,
The sweet musicians of the forest wild
Hung up their harps, and with bright folded wings
Sat perch'd amid the dark, rich foliage of
Their native bowers.

All, all was calm, serene, and beautiful,
The zephyr's gentle breath scarce stirr'd a leaf ;
Earth's verdant carpet just began to shine
With fluid crystals. Here and there was seen
A twinkling ruby, darting forth its rays
To beautify the ebon brow of night.
Fair Cynthia, seated on her crescent throne,
Had just unveil'd her placid countenance,
And the soft beams of her resplendent eye,
Began to pierce the scattering crevices
Of tangled vines and wreathy shaded bowers.
Dear S. you recollect the balmy hour
When two congenial spirits, arm in arm,
Walk'd forth ; their hearts were glowing with the pure
Heaven-lit flame of love, their minds, their feelings
Were reciprocal, their souls were form'd for
Bliss, soft, tender, undefinable,
Such as ne'er warm'd the stoic's marble breast :
Blest feelings ! pure, celestial, and refin'd.
Oh ! what were life, health, knowledge, wealth and power
Without ye'r charms—a solitary wild,
A thorny desert, where no beauteous flower
Exhales its sweets to cheer the pilgrim's path,
An angry sky, o'erspread with threatening clouds
Without one beam, to gild its awful gloom.
Load me with sickness, poverty, disgrace,
Break every tender cord, that binds my heart
To the dear objects of maternal love ;

COTTAGE MUSINGS.

Tear from my soul its dearest earthly friend,
 Yet leave, oh, leave me that pure, priceless gem,
 That peerless treasure, dearer far than all,
 Pure, disinterested love.

With this I'd suffer wrong, reproach, contempt,
 Bereavements, losses, crosses, every ill
 That flesh is heir to, and I'd still be blest.
 Ah ! dearest S. this wounded, bleeding heart,
 The arrows of affliction oft hath pierc'd
 Its bleeding wounds no balm hath power to heal.
 Save Jesus' blood : think'st thou I still am blest ?
 Oh ! yes, though strange, grief is a bitter sweet
 To pensive souls, there is a pleasure soft,
 Commingles with the spirit's anguish deep.
 Adieu, dear S. oft as these lines you scan,
 Think on your friend, who loves with love unfeign'd,
 Who prays for you ; oh ! bend at mercy's throne
 And pray for her.

ON HEARING A SERMON.

Preached by the Rev. G. C., from Hebrews 11th and 13th.

'Twas Sabbath, nature wore a cheerful smile,
 With pensive soul I sought the house of God :
 My heart was sorrowful. Sensations sad
 Burden'd my spirits, and my wandering mind
 Found not her rest in God, but like the bee,
 That roves from flower to flower with restless wing
 She lighted on earth's withering dying sweets :
 Oh ! how insipid to a heaven-born soul,
 Are all the pleasures of this fading world,
 Too poor to fill,
 The vast desires of an immortal mind.
 I reach'd the sacred spot, God's holy house,
 Encircled round with lovely verdant rows
 Of lofty poplars, tapering toward the skies,
 Which seem'd to point the wandering soul to he

The doors stood open wide, an emblem of
 Salvation free—oh, boundless, gospel grace !
 Thrice blessed, soul-reviving sound ! how sweet
 It falls upon the pensive sinner's ear.

With solemn reverence I entered in,
 And took my seat among the heirs of grace ;
 I strove to raise my heart in silent prayer,
 To him who seeth the secrets of all hearts,
 That he would shower his richest blessings down,
 And feed his children with the bread of life,
 And crown the labors of his messenger
 With a rich harvest of immortal souls.—
 That poor unworthy I, might also share
 The manna of his love, might catch the fire
 Of holy rapture, as it freely roll'd
 Fresh from the burning altar of his heart.
 The honor'd herald of the cross arose—
 That heavenly peace which earth can never give
 Nor take away, shed a refulgence bright
 O'er every feature, and a halo formed
 Of mild unearthly glory, round the frail
 Tenement that soon must crumble down,
 When the freed spirit (like some bird of song
 Loosed from its cage) will plume its glitt'ring wings,
 And joyful soar away to join its mates,
 Its kindred songsters, in heaven's blooming bowers.

He op'd the holy book,
 Chose for his text the great apostle's words,
 Sent to the Hebrews. Faith was now his theme.
 He rose majestically from step to step,
 Describing that pure gospel faith, which is
 " The gift of God, and works by love,"
 And melts and purifies the sinner's heart,
 And fits him for those pure, exalted seats,
 Only prepared for those who faithful prove.

My mind was wrapt, profound attention chained
 Her every power, a calm and heavenly peace,

A joy unspeakable, flash'd o'er my soul.
The glorious Sun of Righteousness beam'd forth,
The clouds dispers'd, the tempest died away,
I heard a voice! a sweet, familiar voice
Whisper in accents of redeeming love,
Peace be still.

My faith reviv'd, my anchor hope, regain'd
A firmer hold on heaven's substantial joys,
My peace flow'd smoothly on, like a broad stream,
Gently meandering down some fertile vale.
He spoke of heaven with rapturous delight—
He dwelt upon the glories of that world
Unseen by mortal eye, a foretaste of
Its joys, added new vigor to his spirit,
The hope of glory flash'd a brighter ray
Of heavenly radiance o'er his countenance—
I saw by faith the beauties of that land,
The saints, adorn'd in snow-white flowing robes,
Waving in graceful folds,
Fann'd by the breezes of that healthful clime.
Bearing on high their palms of victory,
In joyful triumph—wearing immortal crowns,
Bespangled o'er with blood-bought glitt'ring stars,
Which brighter, and still brighter blaze, long as
Eternal years shall roll their endless round ;
I saw the groves, the bowers, the verdant fields,
And the sweet gliding streams, the tree of life
Forever laden with its various fruits.

My heart was full—and tears unbidden flow'd—
Oh, boundless love, and mercy infinite !
Did Jesus stoop so low ? image of deity,
On whom the loftiest seraphs dare not gaze
Unveil'd ? did he lay by his regal robes,
Divest himself of *all* but love, to bleed,
And groan, and die, for poor, degraded man ?
To raise him from a world of sin and death,
To yonder heaven of glorious bliss supreme ?

Oh ! who can tell the length, the breadth, the height,
And depth of love so fathomless, immense !
Angelic hosts ! well may ye stand amaz'd
And wondering deep, desire to sound the depths
Of that mysterious love that agoniz'd
In Gethsemane, to crown polluted worms
With glory, honor, and eternal life.
Such were my musings while the Saviour's love,
Flowing in copious streams refresh'd my soul ;
I prais'd the Lord for that sweet Sabbath day,
But how imperfect is the praise, how cold
The heart, where ceaseless gratitude should burn,—
Fain would I praise, but this poor, stammering tongue
Denies me words, and language fails to paint
The deep emotions that awake my heart.
There is a world, oh, soul-enrapturing truth !
Where the capacious and aspiring mind,
That spark of Deity which nought can fill,
Save Joy, shall still expand, and still
With joy be full.

Oh !, there the fetter'd tongue shall be set free,
And sing and talk of sweet redeeming love—
And hold exalted converse with the blest.
How comforting the thought, with patriarchs
And prophets to commune, and mingle with
The noble company of martyr'd saints,
Who fearless swam through seas of blood, to win
A fadeless crown ; and more than all, to see
The sinner's Friend who died on Calvary.
There friendship ne'er proves false, the golden chain
Of love eternal, binds each happy soul
In sweet and sacred union. Oh, what bliss !
Oh ! what a heaven is this.

THE FLAT HEAD INDIANS,

SEEKING AFTER TRUTH.

'Twas not the splendor of an earthly court,
Nor rich Peru with all her glitt'ring mines :
Oh ! no, 'twas of importance higher far,
Of deeper interest to a deathless spirit
Than earth's false, fading pleasures, wealth, or fame,
'That lur'd these sons of nature from their *home*
And *home's* endearing charms,
To cast the last sad, lingering, parting look,
On all their hearts held dear this side the grave,
And press their way through forests dark and dense,
And penetrate the thickly tangled wilds,
And cross tull many a prairie wild and drear.

Truth, heavenly truth had aim'd an arrow keen,
Quick as the lightning's flash it pierc'd the soul,
(That lay enshrouded in the shades of death)
And shed a ray of pure, celestial light
Around the dark, benighted mind, where long
Had lower'd the gloom of savage ignorance.
Ah ! what is it we hear, what pleasing sound
Unknown, pours such soft music on our ear—
Jesus ! oh, surely never did we hear
A name so sweet, it charms our hearts, it fires
Our souls with a mysterious flame, we feel
Within our breasts a curiosity
Enkindled, that we never knew before.

To know the truth shall be our full intent :
If all these words the white man speaks be true,
Then we alas ! have the Great Spirit griev'd,
And vainly dream'd of heaven.

Those blooming fields, far, where the golden sun
Sinks to his rest, is a delusion wild ;
'Tis of importance vast, come, let us know
The whole of this great matter, if we're wrong,
Let's cast away our mode of worshipping
For one that's right, and pleasing in the eyes
Of the Great Spirit.

The white man's heaven contains superior joys,
 To fields of buffalo and ponds of fish.
 To know the truth we're bent, nor time, nor toil,
 Nor distance great, shall damp our zeal, nor quench
 The thirst for knowledge glowing in our breasts.
 Our firm, unyielding souls shall scorn to bow
 To difficulties—with unwavering hearts
 We'll scale their summits for the sake of truth ;
 Come, let us haste
 To our great father* who resides afar,
 Beyond those towering mountains, him we know
 We love him much, no guile dwells in his heart,
 He'll tell us true, no falsehood stains his lips.
 And now behold ! these noble hearted chiefs,
 Bidding adieu to wives and children dear,
 And the fond pleasures and delights of home,—
 Oh ! sad to tell, two of those chieftans brave,
 Never again enjoyed the sweets of home,
 Nor mingled in the social circles gay,
 Of their beloved friends and kindred dear.
 How blind is man to coming weal or woe—
 Truly, in wisdom and in love supreme,
 The unerring hand of Providence hath spread
 A veil o'er all the future scenes of life,
 Or fragile nature soon would sink and die,
 Crush'd by the awful weight of such a view.
 The voice of truth, still sounding in their ears,
 Calls them away,—farewell, ye woodlands wild !
 Ye vocal forests ! and ye laughing glades !
 And all ye tender joys of home, farewell !
 Oh, sacred truth ! how powerful are thy rays,
 Beaming with heaven's own splendor, peerless bright.
 Great attribute of the eternal mind !
 How blest thine influence, bearing up the soul
 With calm composure o'er life's stormy sea—
 Sustaining the sad heart, when adverse waves
 Are dashing round, and threatening to o'erwhelm—
 Teaching thy children with a holy hope,

* Gen. Clarke.

And peaceful resignation, to endure
Life's bitter ills, and round the bed of death,
Thou shed'st a ray of glory, to illumine
The spirit's passage to the land of rest.

But, lo ! across yon rugged prairie wild,
Methinks I see four manly noble forms,
Rob'd in their blankets, with firm, eager step,
See ! how they travel on, no beasts of prey,
Nor rocky mountains huge, like barriers rais'd,
Can stop their progress. No ! their spirits rise
Above their loftiest tops, though fierce winds blow,
And thundering tempests roar, their courage firm
As the deep-rooted oak, unflinching stands.
Oh ! ye dark souls, amid the gospel's blaze,
Behold these savages ! and learn to blush,
Their bright example go and imitate,
Lest, when in glorious clouds, the Son of God
Descends in awful pomp, to judge the world,
These heathen of the western wilds arise,
And sit in condemnation, (dreadful thought !)
On every slighter of his gospel truth.

Poor seeking wanderers ! oh, would to heaven
Ye found the precious pearl, eternal truth !
For which ye sacrificed life's dearest joys,
Friends, ease, and pleasure, yea, and life itself.
In softest slumbers may ye're ashes rest,
Till Gabriel's trump shall wake the judgment morn,
And burst the long lock'd chambers of the tomb,
Then rise all glorious and refin'd, to drink
The streams of bliss, fresh from the fount of truth.

Soon shall the year of jubilee roll round,
When the dark western wilds shall sing for joy,
And sacred truth's sweet fertilizing streams
Shall softly murmur in the wilderness.
Then shall the lovely buds of grace appear,
The beauteous rose of Sharon spread its leaves,

And the sweet lilly of the valley bloom,
In all the charms of gospel purity,
And fruits of love shall burden every bough.

Go forth, ye heralds ! Jesus bids ye go,
Rear high the cross all sprinkled o'er with blood.
The Indian's heart shall melt, his tears shall flow,
As he beholds the precious liquid price,
(Paid for his soul) gush from the Saviour's side.
Oh ! haste to tell them Jesus groan'd and bled,
And died to save them—whisper in their ear
The sweet, but mournful tale of Calvary.
Happy employment this : with cheerful soul
I'd bid adieu to all my grovelling cares,
To woo for Jesus, the poor savage heart.

SINNER ! DRY THAT FALLING TEAR.

SINNER ! dry that falling tear,
Banish sorrow, banish fear,
Haste, oh, haste to Calvary !
Jesus bleeds and dies for thee.

See his sacred, pierced side,
Pouring forth a purple tide !
See ! for thee it freely flows,
A healing balm for all thy woes.

Dost thou doubt the Saviour's love ?
Go ! thou shalt his kindness prove :
See ! he spreads his arms of grace,
Calls thee—fly to his embrace.

TO MR. W. E. S.

FRIENDSHIP's a blossom of celestial birth,
 It bloom'd first in heaven's fair Elysian groves,
 From thence its seed was drop'd in Eden's bowers—
 Though sin (in part) has sear'd its tender buds,
 And chang'd our globe to a drear wilderness
 Of briars, and thorns, and every noxious weed,
 And poison'd all her soft, meandering streams,
 And rob'd in gloom our intellectual skies,
 And written *death* on all things animate—
 Though generations too have passed away,
 Down the resistless, rapid stream of time,
 Amid the general ruin, lo! I see
 The lovely flower of friendship spread its charms,
 Breathing around its rich, ambrosial sweets :
 Though some affirm its beauties all decay'd,
 Nay, more, that e'en its very roots are dead,
 Since mother Eve rash, and ingloriously
 Broke the *mild* laws of heaven's high majesty.
 This I deny—have I not gazed upon
 Its brilliant tints with admiration deep?
 Inhaled its fragrance to, and press'd its leaves,
 Sparkling with love's sweet dew-drops to my lips,
 Friendship forsake our ruined, helpless world?
 Never! so long as heaven's king is love,
 Unchanging kindness sparkles in her eye,
 And swells her heart with softest sympathy.
 What! friendship die? Oh, no, it cannot be!
 Immortal life is stamp'd upon her brow—
 'Tis true, too many of our fallen world,
 Cold and repulsive are, as adamant,
 Whose hearts of apathy, feel not the flame
 Of friendship's holy fire enkindled there—
 Whose eyes ne'er sparkle with the tears of love :
 Yet friendship lives, and all her favor'd ones
 Drink bliss exquisite, from her fountain pure.
 Oh! 'tis her soft, mysterious power, cements
 The happy spirits round heaven's dazzling throne,
 In inviolable union.

TO DR. A. N. G.

COMPASSION ! 'tis a noble gem—
No language can its worth define,
Around true friendship's diadem,
Its pure resplendent beauties shine.

No jewel in a monarch's crown,
Can boast of glories half so bright,—
No star that decks yon azure dome,
Can sparkle with such heavenly light.

That heart where this rich ruby sheds
Its soul-reviving, hallowing rays,
I'd dearer prize than crowned heads,
And all earth's gorgeous glittering blaze.

Upon a noble, generous brow,
Long have I mark'd with joy sincere,
(With peerless charms) like heaven's bright bow,
Compassion's halo circling there.

I've seen it check the orphan's tear,
And soothe the widow's wounded heart,—
When lofty pride disdain'd to hear,
The thrilling tale her woes impart.

I've watch'd it round the sufferer's bed,
Of languishing and torturing pain,
And saw it cheer the fainting head,
The feeble, sinking mind sustain.

I've seen it by the couch of death,
Like sunbeams shining through the rain—
When the flutt'ring pulse, and the short'ning breath,
Proclaim'd all human skill was vain.

Oh ! then how brilliantly it shone,
Through the blest tears of sympathy :
More beautiful when hope had flown,
And death was severing love's sweet tie.

I saw it in a lowly cot,
 Where peace, though fortune never smil'd,
 Deceit, nor fraud, there ventur'd not,
 But heavenly hope earth's cares beguil'd.

There a fond mother, dear belov'd,
 Lay languishing without relief,
 Compassion beam'd ! her pains removed,
 And hope dispers'd the clouds of grief.

Never, while faithful memory sways
 Her sceptre o'er this pensive mind,
 Shall aught from thence the bliss erase,
 Compassion's charms have left behind.

WEIGHTY REFLECTIONS.

THE hour so eventful is rolling around,
 When we must at hymen's pure altar be found,
 High heaven, and earth, shall witnesses stand,
 When we covenant till death to unite heart and hand.

My mind sometimes dwells upon that solemn hour,
 And at times, deep forebodings around it will lower ;
 But sometimes the prospect is brighten'd by joy,
 And bliss that unkindness shall never destroy.

Oh ! tell me my lov'd one, shalt this be my lot,
 Shall no *keen reflections* my pure love e'er blot ?
 Shall this light, buoyant heart live unwounded by grief,
 Or if writhing with anguish, in thee find relief ?

Or wilt thou to Emma, so unfeeling prove,
 As to laugh at her tears, and forget all her love ?
 Ah ! wilt thou, when sorrow is breaking this heart,
 Make light of the trouble that causes the smart ?

Oh, heaven ! if this my portion must be,
If it be consistent, reverse thy decree,
Or bestow me such grace as shall bear up my soul,
When affliction's dark billows doth over me roll.

When I gaze on those soft, mild, intelligent eyes,
I cannot believe e'er a wish could arise
In thy generous heart to cause Emma one tear,
Or to chill with cold glances a heart so sincere.

Oh ! no, dearest William ! I cannot believe
That love pure as thine, my spirit could'st grieve ;
I cannot believe thou would'st ever despise,
My griefs, or look coldly when this bosom sighs.

But many there are, who once lov'd pure as we,
Who would through base folly *sometimes* disagree,—
Till love plum'd his pinions, and sped him away,
And happiness followed in less than a day.

Alas ! I'm aware that it makes a sad life,
Where the husband *must* always submit to the wife ;
But I can't discover what harm can arise,
When the wife's in the *right*, if the husband *complies*.

But love is no tyrant, the sceptre she sways,
Is easy and gentle, and woos our embrace ;
Her yoke is a pleasure, her burden true bliss,
'Tis heaven when she smiles, if she frowns not amiss.

Oh ! may we till death live joyful together,
And each condescend to be rul'd by the other, —
Keep adding fresh fuel to love's sacred flame,
By kind, tender *words*, *looks* and *actions* the same.

And let us remember that once we must part,
And one must be left with a torn, bleeding heart :
Oh ! then in sweet union, we'll seek that bright shore,
Where we shall be parted asunder no more.

THE MIND.

WHAT ! quench the ardor of that deathless flame,
Enkindled by the breath of Deity,
Which nobly spurns the little toys of earth
And mounts above to blaze among the stars,
Crush the free spirit ? No ! it cannot be.
Load the frail body with a cruel weight,
Until exhausted and oppress'd it sinks,
Blast the bright roses on the cheek of health,
By base unkindness, plunge grief's arrow deep
Within the bleeding heart, with rugged chains,
In a foul dungeon, bind the aching limbs,
By harshest words, each day unseal afresh
The fountains of the soul, 'tis all in vain,
The elastic powers of an immortal mind,
Rises victorious o'er mortality—
Quell the free spirit, ah ! the hope is vain :
She views with noble scorn the tyrant's chain
And bids defiance to the powers of earth.
With heaven-ward glance, she claps her wings of fire,
And proudly soars away to chant her lays,
And range o'er broad, unmeasured fields of light,
And realms of thought.

TO MY INFANT SON.

SLEEP, gentle, smiling baby,
Thou hast no ills to dread :
Lo ! angels unseen, hover
Around thy cradle-bed.

Close up thy little sparklers,
So like the crystal clear,
No cruel hand shall harm thee,
Thy great Protector's near.

Oh ! could my fondest wishes
Be realiz'd in thee,
Thine would not be earth's grandeur,
Nor warrior's gallantry.

No crown of kingly power,
Where costly diamonds glow,
Should shed its transient lustre
Around that beauteous brow.

Ah ! should the smiles of fortune
Delude thy heart away,
Or pleasure's flowery arbor
E'er tempt thy feet astray :

Rather than thou should'st wander
From virtue's sacred path,
I'd now behold thee slumber
In the icy arms of death.

Thy little budding graces
Are twining round my heart,
And every opening beauty,
Still new delights impart.

Should heaven permit my flower
To quite unfold its charms,
Oh ! may his mighty power
Shield it from sorrow's storms.

Oh ! may it thrive and blossom,
And every grace expand :
May soft winds waft its odors,
To many a distant land,

Should the rude blasts of anguish,
Come sweeping o'er the plain,
And cause my flower to languish,
'Twould fill my heart with pains.

Oh ! then may genial showers,
 And soft, distilling dew,
 And bright, eternal sunbeams,
 Restore a deeper hue.

When the pensive winds of autumn,
 Shall sigh o'er hill and dale,
 And health's sweet, blushing roses
 Shall wither and turn pale :

Ere the frosty breath of winter
 My pretty blossom sear,
 Oh ! may it be transplanted
 In heaven's perennial sphere.

There deck'd in fadeless verdure,
 I hope to see it stand,
 (Secure from angry tempests)
 New beauties to expand.

REFLECTIONS,

THE CAPTIVE RELEASED.

WELCOME, welcome, sweet Aurora,
 Guide me to some lonely grove,
 There I'll pour my heart's deep sorrow,
 There implore the Saviour's love.

Happy little feather'd harpers,
 Pouring forth soft melody :
 Can ye tell a pensive mourner,
 What will set her spirit free ?

Sweet, melodious, sinless creatures,
 No sad terrors need ye fear :
 Oh ! that I were your companion,
 And as free from grief and care.

Ah ! ye cannot soothe my sorrows,
While ye warble I must weep ;
Cease, oh, cease ! those melting numbers
Fills my heart with anguish deep.

Lovely flowers, how bright ye're blooming,
Ah ! your sweetest charms are vain,
To extract from this sad heart grief's arrow,
To wash away sins crimson stain.

Nature's works are all harmonious,
When I turn mine eyes within,—
All's confusion, dark disorder,
What a contrast, cruel sin !

Stop, thou calmly gliding river,
Listen to my tale of grief :
Then within thy deep, blue bosom,
Let me plunge and find relief.

Hark ! I shudder, whence that whisper—
Stop rash youth, where is thy soul ?
Can it dwell in endless torments,
Down where fiery billows roll ?

Fly, oh, fly ! impending danger,
None but Christ can ease thy smart,—
Nothing, save the balm of Gilead,
Heals the broken, bleeding heart.

Lo ! from Calvary's blood-stained mountain,
Hark ! that love-fraught sound forgive,
Mourner, haste to this blest fountain,
Drink its precious streams and live.

Oh ! thou kind, benignant Saviour,
Lo ! I fly to thine embrace :
Deign a poor, lost soul, thy favor,
Let me feel thy boundless grace.

Jesus save me, I am sinking,
 O'erwhelm'd with guilt and woe,
 Jesus save me, oh ! what rapture,
 Doth within my bosom glow.

WRITTEN FOR A CHILD.

Jesus ! permit a feeble child,
 To fall before thy feet ;
 Oh ! cast a sweet, propitious smile
 From thy exalted seat.

Oh ! teach an infant's stammering tongue,
 To sing thy glorious grace,
 That I, with heaven's bright cherub throng,
 May learn to chant thy praise.

Though seated on a sapphire throne,
 Above the starry sky :
 Thou didst a little child become,
 Didst suffer, groan and die.

I know my heart is all unclean,
 By nature far from God ;
 But thou can'st make it pure from sin,
 By thy redeeming blood.

Early instruct my tender mind
 From sinful sweets to fly :
 Direct my feet the path to find,
 That leads to joys on high.

Oh ! grant me Lord, that " better part,"
 An interest in thy blood :
 And never let me fix my heart
 On ought beneath my God.

Forbid that I for earth's poor dross
Should ever breathe one sigh :
Twine my affections round the cross,
And train them for the sky.

Then when my days are number'd all,
And I shall hence remove :
In Jesus' arms I'll sweetly fall,
And rise to joys above !

TO B. F. S.

With pleasure pure, and joy combin'd,
I now my pen resume :
Fain would I point thy youthful mind,
Where sweets immortal bloom.

As yet, my friend, you've only trod
The path of moral youth ;
But, oh ! there is a brighter road,
Illum'd by heavenly truth.

'Tis on this path Religion sheds
Her pure and holy light :
And crowns her faithful followers' heads,
With wreathes celestial bright.

Here trees of knowledge branching wide,
Their foliage bright display :
And wisdom's waters sweetly glide,
Thy mental thirst t'allay.

Here virtue spreads her downy wings,
O'er this delightful path,
To guard thy heart from pleasure's stings,
That haunt the bed of death.

'Tis here the triune God reveals
The splendor of his grace :
Lo ! in the Saviour he unveils
The brightness of his face.

Here hovering angels, night and day,
Their watchful vigils keep,
To turn the shafts of death away,
Both when you wake and sleep.

And when thy pilgrimage is done,
They'll waft thee up on high,
And thou shalt wear a sparkling crown,
Above yon starry sky.

May sacred Virtue's powerful charms
Entice thy youthful heart :
Oh ! rise and hasten to her arms,
And choose the " better part."

" Oh, blest Religion," thou would'st say,
Attractions so divine,
Have fairly won my heart away,
To be forever thine.

TO A NEW-BORN INFANT.

WELCOME, pretty stranger flower,
Welcome to this earthly bower,
May'st thou here most sweetly bloom,
And exhale a rich perfume,
May thy beauteous leaves unfold,
Powder'd with immortal gold !

Welcome, lovely blossom blest,
To thy mother's gentle breast,
Guileless one, unsoil'd by art,
Welcome to a father's heart :

Precious gift of Providence,
Robed in perfect innocence.

Welcome with fresh budding charms
To thy little sister's arms ;
May the Sun of Righteousness
Shed his mellowing beams of grace :
Foster to maturity,
Every seed of grace in thee.

Thee, sweet flower, with joy we greet,
Printing kisses soft and sweet,
On thy lips where cherub smiles,
Playing sweet, each care beguiles ;
While thine eyes so mildly bright,
Seem to mock the diamond's light.

Ah ! what mother could behold
With a heart untouch'd and cold,—
Gaze with careless apathy,
On sweet, helpless infancy ?
Yet there are, degrading thought !
Mothers I will call them not,
Beings lost to every sense
Of virtue, love, and innocence.

Lovely as the new blown rose,
In thy mother's arms repose ;
Spotless as the lily fair,
Lent to bless her tender care,
Lent to swell a father's joy,
And his leisure hours employ.

May'st thou live to love and bless
Those who fondly thee caress !
Oh ! may they, through mercy given,
Rear their lovely plant for heaven ;
May its branches far extend,
And with fruits of virtue bend.

But, sweet flower, should sorrow's storms
 Mar thy beauties, fade thy charms—
 Oh ! may generous showers of love,
 Soft distilling from above,
 And the sun with brighter hue,
 Tinge thy graces all anew.

When the searing frost of death,
 Crowns thee with a silvery wreath :
 And when from dimm'd and mortal eyes,
 Thy bright foliage droops and dies,
 Then transplanted far above,
 To a rich perennial grove,
 Where no storms of sorrow lower,
 May'st thou bloom a fadeless flower.

ANOTHER.

WELCOME, lovely little blossom,
 Glad we hail thy budding charms,—
 Welcome to thy mother's bosom,
 Welcome to a father's arms.

May'st thou sweetly bloom and flourish,
 Though in earth's ungenial soil :
 May thy loving owner cherish
 Graces thine, with ceaseless toil.

May the streams of life's pure river,
 Glide in soft, perpetual rills,
 Round thy roots, and dews of heaven
 On thy beauteous head distil.

But, sweet flower, I dare not wish thee,
 Freedom from grief's blighting storms—
 Neither from affliction's tempests,
 Though they come in various forms.

But this one thing I will wish thee,
Should the storms of sorrow lower,
May thy heavenly owner prop thee,
By his own Almighty power.

THE ORPHAN.

I saw a pretty cherub form,
Walk slowly down the lane,—
Her hands were folded on her breast,
Her dress was clean and plain.

Like mellow autumn's clustering grapes,
Her auburn tresses fell
Upon a neck so fair and white,
No marble could excel.

And in her dark, blue radiant eyes,
The tears were trembling bright—
As the refulgent gems, which deck
The ebon brow of night.

Her cheeks were pale, her features form'd
With nicest symmetry :
I felt an anxious wish to know,
Who this sweet child might be.

Ah ! why that pensive, down-cast look,
My pretty little Miss ?
Has grief the laws of nature broke,
To cloud an infant's bliss ?

Tell me, sweet girl, why dost thou sigh ?
Thou'rt surely young in years :
Why are those pretty sparkling eyes
Beaming through sorrow's tears ?

The birds are singing merrily,
The fields are gaily clad,—
Oh ! why should thy young heart, my love,
Be sorrowful and sad.

I had a mother once ! (she sigh'd)
Who lov'd me tenderly,—
She'd kiss me when my face was clean,
And placed me on her knee.

At night she taught me how to kneel,
And lisp " Our Father's " name :
And when my pretty hymn I sung,
She kiss'd me for the same.

And then whene'er I'd get a hurt,
By being rude in play,—
She'd run and clasp me in her arms,
And wipe my tears away.

And she would take me on her lap,
And hug me to her breast,—
And tell me how the Saviour died,
That sinners may be blest.

When I was sick, with tearful eyes
She watch'd beside my bed,—
And gently smooth'd my burning brow.
And press'd my aching head.

And then when I was well again,
She look'd so glad, and smiled,—
And took me in her arms, and said
I was her darling child.

And when the stars were shining bright,
We'd by our window stand,
And gaze upon those worlds, (ma said)
Which rose at God's command.

Oh ! dear mamma, I lov'd her so,
But she can't speak no more,—
They dress'd her in a cold white frock,
And tied her hands before.

A little while before she died,
She look'd so sweet at me :
And said, dear Rosa, love the Lord,
And you will happy be.

In hers, she kindly press'd my hand,
As by her bed I stood,
And said, adieu, sweet Rosabel,
I'm going home to God !

She told me too, if I were good,
We'd not be parted long,
But I should come to dwell with her,
And sing a pretty song.

I thought my heart would break, when she
Was in the coffin laid :
Oh ! then I thought of the kind words,
My dear mamma had said.

And then they carried her away,
And put her in the ground,
Just yonder, in that church-yard green,
The grave can soon be found.

They tell me dear mamma is gone
To dwell with Christ above :
But Rosabel is left alone,
No mamma now to love.

Oh ! if the angels now would come,
(I'm sure I'd happy be)
And take me to that happy home
Where I my ma could see.

Sweet Rosabel, dry up your tears !
In yon bright world ere long,
You shall behold your dear mamma,
And sing your pretty song.

ON THE DEATH OF MARY D.

FAREWELL ! farewell my Mary,
Thou'rt gone to slumber with the dead,
The damps of death are gather'd
Around thy pretty flaxen head.


Fare thee well, my Mary,
In the bleak climate of the tomb :
Thine eyes forget to sparkle,
Thy cheeks have lost their rosy bloom.

Fare thee well, sweet Mary,
Thy little prattling tongue is still,—
No more thy voice with pleasure,
Shall cause thy mother's heart to thrill.

Thy form, once fair and lovely,
On earth no more shall bless my sight,
But where's thy little spirit ?
What mortal eye shall trace its flight.

Upborne on flaming pinions,
Far, far beyond yon azure space,
Swift passing worlds celestial,
It gains its heavenly resting place.

When I beheld thee sinking,
In death's relentless icy arms,
No tongue can tell my anguish,
This world to me had lost its charms.



Oh ! maternal affection,
How strong thy cords, how close they twine !
And when these cords are sever'd,
Who can a mother's woes define.

But now thou'rt gone, my Mary,
I would not call thee from the skies,
Back to this world of trial,
Where sorrows mingle with our joys.

Perhaps the great Omniscient
Foresaw if here, thy future path,
Strown thick with snares and sorrows,
And kindly pluck'd thy soul in death.

And, oh ! perhaps thy mother,
Needed this bitter chastening rod,
To raise her fond affections
From earth, and twine them round her God.

Then fare thee well, sweet Mary,
Since thou art with yon infant throng,
Where Jesus' dying merits,
Swells every little harper's song.

I soon shall see thee, Mary,
In rapture deep with thee I'll fall,
Low at the feet of Jesus,
Soon as I burst my prison wall.

CAMP MEETING.

WHENCE proceed those sounds so charming,
Floating on the balmy air :
Hark ! how melodious—is it fancy,
Or an angel's harp I hear ?

They are the lovely songs of Zion,
Rising from the tented grove,
Heaven and earth are there uniting,
To adore redeeming love.

How these melting sounds awaken,
The dormant passions of my heart,—
They fill my soul with sweet sensations,
Bliss which earth can ne'er impart.

Alas ! I hear the voice of sorrow,
Can it be that grief is there ?
Hark ! what mean those groans of anguish,
And those moans of deep despair.

Oh ! it is the trembling mourner,
Wounded by the Spirit's sword,—
Pleading, struggling there for mercy,
Till he hears the Saviour's word.

While I listen, shouts of glory
Echo through the lofty trees,
'Tis the sound of happy converts,
Lispings forth the Saviour's praise.

He whose heart with sin was burden'd,
Whose tears of deep repentance flow'd,
Through Jesus' merits freely pardon'd,
Now rejoices in his God.

Hail, thou consecrated bower !
Where our God delights to dwell,
Where the saints in sweetest rapture,
Of the Saviour's goodness tell.

Fain I'd spend my live-long hours,
Here—where streams of mercy rolls,
Still be crown'd with pardon'd sinners,
Birth-place of immortal souls.

THE TEARS.

How sacred is that falling tear,
Bright with compassion's glow,
That drops, the widow's heart to cheer,
And soothe the orphan's woe.

Precious the tears that trickle down,
O'er sad misfortune's bier,
That's shed o'er hope's forever flown,
Of one we lov'd sincere.

More blest the tears that quickly start,
For a fond father's grief,
And to a mother's aching heart,
Affords a sweet relief.

Thrice blessed those that dim mine eyes,
For follies past and gone ;
They point my soul above the skies,
To smiling mercy's throne.

Welcome ye penitential tears,
 That tell my sins forgiven,
 Ye balmy sighs that sweetly bear
 My aspiring soul to heaven.

A CAMP MEETING SCENE.

It is a lovely morn. The king of day,
 Seated majestic in his golden car,
 Is marching up yon rosy eastern sky.
 Lost in his splendor, the bright gems of night
 Have disappeared, and the broad heavens are robed
 In cloudless azure ; and the towering trees
 Are decked in various, beauteous, verdant shades.
 The native songsters of this temple wild,
 As if to enhance the bright enchanting scene,
 Are warbling forth their soft, melodious notes,
 In concert with the happy saints of God.
 The hour has come—hark ! from the sacred desk
 The signal loud is given : salvation's streams,
 Fresh from the fount, are just about to flow,
 And all that choose, may freely drink and live,
 Oh ! 'tis a glorious hour—see ! how they flock,
 And take their seats beneath these leaf-wrought shades,
 Faint emblem of the grove of Paradise !

Doubtless celestial bands,
 With soft, expanded wings are hovering round.
 With admiration deep, they wondering gaze
 Upon the enrapturing sight, but cannot taste
 The sweet mysterious bliss of dying love.
 With large expanding soul, and glowing heart,
 In the sweet dignity of Christian love
 Behold him rise, the herald of the skies,
 The standard-bearer of the glorious cross !
 On which the sin-atonng victim bled.
 In the great Master's strength he lifts it up
 Before a fallen world.

My faith beheld the expiring Son of God ;
 Saw from his hands and feet, and pierced side,
 The purple streams of life gush freely forth.
 That brow of fair, celestial form and polish, still
 Retained the wounds of cruel, rugged thorns.
 Ah ! see those beauteous ringlets dyed in blood—
 Those eyes so mild, and languishingly soft,
 Which beam sweet sympathy on wretched man,
 Now yield their radiance to the spoiler death.
 'Tis he ! 'tis he ! the immortal Prince of Peace—
 Behold ! the heavens are clad in mourning robes,
 The king of day lays by his dazzling crown,
 And clothed in sackcloth turns away to weep.
 Hark ! that tremendous crash, the solid rocks
 Now feel the awful shock, in sunder break,
 And start affrighted from their ancient beds.
 The grass-grown grave, repose of sacred dust,
 Hears the deep groan that shakes the universe.
 All nature stands aghast—the Saviour dies !
 I saw unfolded the great judgment day,
 Heard Gabriel's clarion sound through earth and sky,
 Exploring the dark regions of the dead.
 I saw this beauteous earth with all her charms
 Enveloped in a sheet of living flame,
 And heaven's bright luminaries lost amid
 The smoke of burning ruins. Far above
 Expiring nature's funeral pile, behold
 A scene of grandeur awfully sublime,
 And peerless bright, now bursts upon the view.
 Mid heaven appears a great white dazzling throne,
 On which, in splendid, awful pomp arrayed,
 Sits earth's great Judge in majesty supreme,
 At whom the unveiled seraph dare not gaze.
 Is this the babe who in a manger slept ?
 The man who had not where to lay his head ?
 Who in Gethsemane wrestled, sweat, and bled,
 Then bore his cross up Calvary's fatal hill,
 Here, stretched between the heavens and earth, expired,
 Triumphant o'er the combined powers of hell ?

'Tis he ! but " Oh ! how changed," sweet mercy's door
Is shut against the hardened sinner's soul.
No mediatorial crown now decks that brow,
'Tis laid aside. No bleeding wounds now plead
The sinner's cause. His day of grace is o'er.
He speaks, and lo ! the assembled world draws nigh.
What boundless multitudes on right and left !
Some stand aghast, and trembling, durst not look
Upon that beauteous brow they pierced with thorns.
Some robed in garments of immortal worth,
Blooming with beauty of unfading charms,
Triumph for joy, and wait the blessed sound
That consummates their bliss.
What do I hear ? what soft mellifluous sounds
Are those that captivate my wondering soul,
And dart rich music through the boundless heights
Of heaven's expansive dome ?
Hark ! 'tis the Saviour's sweet, melodious voice !
Oh ! " Come ye blessed of my Father," come,
Receive these glittering crowns, bought with my blood,
Ye bore my cross on earth, despised the shame,
Now come with me, in this bright kingdom reign.
But " Go ye cursed, down to endless night,
Where death eternal reigns ! ye spurned my grace
And trampled on my blood, ye're justly doomed."

REMEMBERED GOODNESS.

How shall my heart a grateful anthem raise ?
My ravished soul would pour her sweetest lays,
To Jesus' name—oh ! unexampled love,
To save a world, he left his throne above.

On the swift pinions of redeeming grace,
He flew to earth, assumed the sinner's place :
While wandering in the fatal ways of sin,
Spurning that love which strove my heart to win.—

I saw my Saviour bleeding on the tree,
 Who said, "Poor sinner, lo ! I die for thee ;"
 His words, his pensive look dissolv'd my heart,
 I saw my sins had pierc'd, had caused his smart.

I felt that I his bleeding side had torn,
 My former loves now left my soul to mourn—
 Like one deserted by false friends, alone
 I sat and wept, but Jesus heard my moan.

A weight of guilt my aching heart oppress'd,
 Earth's brightest pleasures now could yield no rest ;
 Nought could I hear but Sinia's thunders roar,
 Fire, clouds, and tempests ready to devour.

But Jesus saw—yes ! Jesus heard my cry,
 He look'd with pity beaming in his eye,
 He saw, he stoop'd, he claim'd my ~~eye~~ crown,
 Love fill'd my breast, and all my griefs had flown.

On wings of love, I now exulting rose,
 I triumph'd o'er the world and all my foes :
 Oh ! love divine—oh ! sweet, transporting sound,
 I'm saved by grace, free grace that knows no bound.

With joyful Mary, now I take my seat,
 With tears of love I'll wash my Saviour's feet—
 My idols now a sacrifice shall be,
 To him who gave his precious life for me.

RELIGION, THE SWEETEST COMFORT.

OH ! why my soul, so fond of earth's poor toys ?
 They never can afford thee lasting joys :
 But oft with keenest sorrows pierce thee through,
 Then why so loth to bid them all adieu ?

THE SILENCE

There is a silence in the world,
A silence in the heart of man,
A silence in the soul of God,
A silence in the world of man.

There is a silence in the world,
A silence in the heart of man,
A silence in the soul of God,
A silence in the world of man.

There is a silence in the world,
A silence in the heart of man,
A silence in the soul of God,
A silence in the world of man.

There is a silence in the world,
A silence in the heart of man,
A silence in the soul of God,
A silence in the world of man.

There is a silence in the world,
A silence in the heart of man,
A silence in the soul of God,
A silence in the world of man.

CONSOLOATION.

There is a calm
In the soul,
A calm
Which whole;
A peerless light
In the darkest night.

There is a sun, whose beams
 Can melt the flinty heart,
 There is a fount whose streams,
 The sweetest joys impart :
 There is an ocean without bound,
 A sea where all our sins are drown'd.

There is an ear that hears
 The heart's deep pensive sigh :
 An eye beholds the tears
 That's shed most secretly ;
 There is a hand holds out relief,
 When sinks the soul midst waves of grief.

ON VIEWING THE SETTING SUN.

How beautiful is yon brilliant setting sun,
 Just sinking 'neath the western horizon—
 He paints the skies with a rich golden hue.
 And seems to bid the weary world adieu.
 Pensive sensations fill the thoughtful breast,
 As the bright orb of day retires to rest ;
 But cheer'd by hope, we close our weary eyes,
 Till gladdened by his rays in eastern skies.
 So when the Christian's earthly race is o'er,
 When heaves in sight the wish'd-for blissful shore—
 On the Redeemer's breast his soul reclines,
 While heavenly glory all around him shines.
 His friends around his couch in silence stand,
 Absorb'd in grief, waiting high heaven's command,
 Ah ! see his tender wife, what anguish deep,
 Now rings her soul ! she would, but cannot weep.
 E'en tears refuse to yield their small relief,
 She gazes on her love with speechless grief ;
 See ! how she watches every shortening breath,
 And gently from his brow wipes off the dews of death.

Ah ! now she sobs aloud, could I be blessed
With thee to die, and sweetly sink to rest :
Ah ! must I stay behind for months or years
Live a lone wanderer in this " vale of tears ?"
Earth has no balsam now to heal my woe,
For thee I'll sigh, for thee my tears shall flow
When my poor heart, oppress'd by grief would
In thee I found a tender bosom friend.
By thee, unheard, unpitied, must I sigh,
Nor longer share thy sweet, kind sympathy
But lo ! he sees the " golden gates of light"
Unfold, and with a smile seraphic bright
Hails the bright cherub band, come to convey
His sinless spirit to the climes of day ;
He would, but cannot speak, he looks farewell
While " breaks life's silver cord," while from
Of dull mortality and brittle earth,
The beauteous, heaven-deck'd soul is bursting
'Tis nature's last essay : he bids farewell,
" Weep not for me, I'm going home to dwell.
Ye dearest objects of my earthly love,
Prepare ! oh, meet me in that world above."
When from his quivering lips these words had
His happy spirit flew to meet its God,
To dwell with him until that glorious morn,
When to its sacred dust it shall return ;
When this poor mortal body shall put on
Immortal robes, this head a fadeless crown.
Oh ! this sweet hope bears up the Christian's
Though grief's dark, swelling billows round it
Till borne on seraph wings, it mounts above
This wilderness of sin, to groves of love.

ON A BEAUTIFUL MORNING,

In the month of March, 1834, after a light shower of snow.

How beauteous, in yon roseate sky,
The sun rides up on wheels of gold,
While hills, fields, trees, all robed in snow,
A most enchanting scene unfold.

'Tis March, but could there ever be
A sweeter morn ? each bush and tree
Is bending 'neath the brilliant load,
Which lately floated in the cloud.

Sol marches up—his melting beams
Are gleaming over hill and dale—
Unlocking the sweet fountain streams,
Which murmur gently through the vale.

Ye're going ! charms of purest white,
Which dazzle on yon beachen bough :
So death dissolves the frail delights,
Which bloom on beauty's cheek and brow.

Just now, methought, like tufts of down,
Ye sat in beauty on each spray—
But whilst I gaze, ye're almost gone,
Ah ! charms so bright must soon decay.

Then fare ye well, bright, fragile joys !
For you no longer may remain :
But soon the leaves and lovely flowers,
Shall come to gladden earth again.

The little birds we soon shall hear,
Sweet in their native forest sing—
Nature all beauteous shall appear,
Rob'd in the panoply of spring.

Oh, Thou ! who sittest in the heav'ns,
And roll'st the varied seasons round,
Teach us for boundless blessings given,
To adore and love with awe profound.

THE CHARMS OF FRIENDSHIP.

HAIL, Friendship ! sacred balm to human grief,
Of all my joys, I'll place thee *next my chief* :
Life would, indeed a barren desert prove,
Was every bosom void of thy pure love.
When sorrows press the wounded spirit down,
When hope lies crush'd 'neath disappointment's frown—
When grief's sharp arrows pierce the bleeding heart,
Thy kind, soft hand extracts the poisonous dart.
And when the heart beats high with prospects bright,
Thy generous soul beholds it with delight ;
But in this friendless world we seldom prove,
The bliss of Jonathan's and David's love.
Alas ! how many bear sweet Friendship's name,
Whose stoic hearts ne'er felt her melting flame—
How many in her lovely robes appear,
And e'en o'er grief affect to drop a tear ;
But test their love—it is an empty vine,
That burns to ashes on a sordid shrine.
Does evening dews refresh the drooping flower,
That withering lays 'neath Sol's meridian power,
Does earth at soft distilling showers rejoice ?
So does my heart at Friendship's charming voice.
Mine be that love which, in adversity,
Disgrace and slander, nor will flinch nor flee—
Mine be that love, which in dark sorrow's hour,
Puts forth the greenest leaf, and sweetest flower.
Hail ! happy world of pure eternal joys,
Where love and friendship never, never cloy :
But in luxuriant, fadeless beauty blooms,
Filling the ambrosial bowers with sweet perfumes.

CONVERSION OF THE REV. PETER JONES.

Indian Missionary, as related by himself at a Missionary Meeting in New-York.

WOUNDED by keen conviction's dart,
He seeks alone the silent grove :
To vent the anguish of his heart,
And plead a Saviour's risen love.

For he had heard the blessed news,
That Jesus left his throne in heaven —
And spilt his blood upon the cross,
That guilty man might be forgiven.

He heard ! the tears came stealing down
The youthful warrior's hardy cheek—
The sigh so eloquent, the groan,
The feelings of his heart bespeak.

Nature in ebon robe was clad,
No sound broke on the listening ear :
Save trembling leaves where zephyrs play'd,
Whilst Peter poured his soul in prayer.

Enough ! his lofty heart was bow'd,
He rises slowly, wends his way
Toward the consecrated wood,
Where saints had met to praise and pray.

Behold ! a herald of the cross,
Now leads him to the happy ring—
Where saints in sweetest notes of praise,
The lovely songs of Zion sing.

Down at the foot of the glorious cross,
The conquered warrior drops his bow—
Those laurels trample in the dust,
That flourished round his warlike brow.

Now prayers like holy incense rise,
Perfumed in the Redeemer's blood :
His soul " a living sacrifice,"
The red man offers to his God.

When lo ! before the rosy dawn,
While blushes tinged the eastern sky—
The sin-sick heart by grief weigh'd down,
Burst forth in rapturous shouts of joy.

All, all is peace—when Jesus' voice
Is heard, the tempests far are driven—
While Christians sing, angels rejoice,
And strike anew the harps of heaven.

Ye daring race of infidels,
See how your frail foundation shakes !
It totters o'er the brink of hell,
When the happy, heaven-born Indian speaks.

Your heads in dark oblivion hide,
For lo ! the savage now proclaims,
That Christ, the blessed Jesus, died,
And rose to break the sinner's chains.

Soon fervent heat shall melt the skies,
And wrap them as a parchment scroll—
Then will the untaught savage rise,
In judgment on the sceptic's soul.

THE TREE OF GRACE.

SEE the tree of heavenly planting,
Small and feeble once its day,
Now its branches bright with verdure,
Spreads o'er fair America !

Once, a little shrub transported
O'er the briny ocean waves—
First on* golden hill transplanted,
Persecution's storms it braves.

But the fiercest storms of vengeance,
This choice plant could not consume :
Mid the floods and flames it flourished,
Soon 'twas seen to bud and bloom.

Watered by the dews of heaven,
And the genial showers of grace—
Its firm roots are deep descending,
Lo ! it spreads and thrives apace.

Guarded by a wall of fire,
Reaching far above the skies :
Strong in Jesus' mighty power,
See its towering top arise.

Around its roots is sweetly gliding,
Life's pure river, deep and broad,
Rising from the throne eternal,
Of the glorious triune God.

Nourish'd by that Sun, whose influence
Calls to life the soul that's dead :
See its beauties fast unfolding,
High it rears its graceful head.

Far across the land and ocean,
See its growing limbs extend—
Burdened with the fowls of heaven,
'Neath their precious load they bend.

Every hue, grade and description,
Fowls that will, may freely come,
Find upon its friendly branches,
Or beneath its shade there's room.

* Where John-street Church now stands.

Lovely are its various blossoms,
Shedding sweetest odors round—
Fruits of most delicious flavor,
On its fertile limbs abound.

Once the tree of Calvinism,
With its fruitless boughs outspread :
Cast its fearful, deadly shadow,
O'er our infant scion's head.

But behold ! 'tis drooping, dying,
This once sturdiest of trees :
Its poisonous leaves and flowers are falling,
Calvin's horrible decrees.

Saints rejoice, give God the glory,
Still our plant of grace survives :
Mid the woes of reprobation,
See how gloriously it thrives.

Oh ! thou God of boundless mercy,
Pour thy blessings from above :
Still may this blest tree be watered,
By the richest showers of love.

Thou bright Sun, whose glorious splendor
Eclipse or clouds cannot obscure—
Still shed forth thy rays of mercy,
All its various fruits mature.

Till this tree of matchless beauty,
Taller grows and wider spreads—
Till every people, tongue, and nation,
Flocks beneath its verdant shades.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

'Twas night ; an awful silence reigned
O'er nature's wide domain ;
The humble shepherds watched their flocks,
On Bethlehem's pleasant plain.

When lo ! the angel Gabriel passed
Heaven's crystal portals through,
And swift to announce Jehovah's birth,
On golden pinions flew.

See ! see what glory streams around,
Scattering the gloom of night !
The shepherds dumb with awe profound,
Beheld the unusual sight.

Hark ! hark ! what sweet melodious sounds
Float on the ambient air—
Flowing from seraphs' flaming tongues,
Too sweet for mortal ear.

All hail, ye bright, celestial band !
What cheering news ye bring !
Sweet peace to earth, good will to man,
Let all creation sing.

Millions, till time shall cease to roll,
Shall hail this happy morn ;
The tidings spread from pole to pole,
The great Messiah's born !

The star, with bright, refulgent beams,
Guides to an humble shed,
Where lo ! he who all things sustains,
Sleeps in a manger bed.

Oh ! let harmonious, melting strains,
Through heaven's high arches ring ;
Jesus, the mighty conqueror reigns,
And all shall own him King !

A LITTLE GIRL'S LAMENT,

OVER A DEAD ROBIN.

FAREWELL ! pretty red-breast, I've nurs'd you with care,
But, alas ! all my kindness was vain ;
To soothe in thy body its anguish severe,
Or ease thy poor heart of its pain.

What mortal can tell the keen pangs thou hast borne,
Which forbade thee, sweet bird, to take food ;
Thy beautiful wings are all mangled and torn,
And dyed in thy innocent blood.

Thy glossy, bright plumage is ruffled and soiled,
Thy once gladdened eye has grown dim—
Oh ! pity that charms such as thine should be spoiled
By Death, the arch spoiler so grim.

Farewell ! pretty robin, for thee I could mourn,
Would it not seem a folly indeed ;
But crimeless I'll weep, o'er thy mate all forlorn,
Whose torn heart for her lover must bleed.

Farewell ! pretty robin, we never shall hear
Thy clear, soft, sweet warbles again—
The mate of thy bosom, thy earliest dear,
Shall chirp for her charmer in vain.

Farewell ! pretty robin, the struggle is o'er,
Thy poor fluttering heart is at rest ;
The fierce, cruel huntsman can wound thee no more,
Nor startle one fear in thy breast.

Farewell ! pretty robin, I too must soon die,
'Tis a debt all we mortals must pay—
Like thee, must I languish and breathe my last sigh,
Like thine, had I charms, they'd decay.

But, alas ! pretty robin, this, this is not all,—
I've a spirit that never can die ;
A gem that will shine when this clay house shall fall,
Or glitter in worlds far on high.

If neglected, 'twill sink to the blackness of night,
But with care, it will shine more and more :—
Then let me be studious to polish it bright,
'That 't may shine when this life shall be n'er.

MUSINGS IN PROSE.

the covetous professor of religion hugging his gold, (startle not, gentle reader, at the inconsistency, it is a fact.) we daily see the "high-sounding professor" prostrating himself at the shrine of his golden god, instead of stretching forth the hand of charity toward the poor suffering children of want. "How dwelleth the love of God in him?" We see the pleasure-taking, ease-seeking professor, recklessly lavishing in the purchase of vain ornaments, costly clothing and furniture, that with which God has entrusted him, for the express purpose of alleviating the distresses of the needy. How shall he stand, when he shall appear at the bar of God, to "give an account of his stewardship?" What must be his reflections upon the bed of death, when in the retrospection of his life he beholds portrayed upon the canvass of memory, in glowing colors, the deliberate dishonesty he has practised, in withholding from the poor, and foolishly squandering away the money designed for their comfort and use. Oh! ye professed votaries of the cross, ye vain, sunshine professors, who will not go to heaven, save on beds of down, and clad in "soft raiment;" the exterior, as well as the interior of whose houses declare (notwithstanding your high professions) that your treasures, and consequently your hearts, are bound to earth. Oh! ye that have presumed to take upon yourselves the name of the compassionate Jesus, and have professed to renounce the world with all its sinful pleasures and maxims, but whose tables are daily burdened with the choicest productions of nature, whose pampered bodies are clothed in "silk and purple," and the costly works of art: and whose dwellings remind one of the tower of Babel, and who possess, as it were, a heaven below the skies: bend your steps for once toward the shattered tenement of adversity—there behold the heart-broken mother, surrounded by starving babes, dearer to her than life. See! she sits shivering over a few dying embers! Examine their garments, how poor and flimsy, how insufficient to shield them from winter's piercing cold. They know not where to obtain enough for the next meal. And that which casts the darkest shade over this gloomy picture, is, that he, whom she has chosen to be her bosom companion, and who has pledged himself in the presence of heaven and earth, to be her best earthly friend, has

proved to be her worst enemy. Go, I say, and view a scene like this with stoical indifference, if you can. If you can gaze upon such a sight, unmoved by the sweet emotions of sympathy, or without feeling your eyes moistened by her tears, hard indeed must be your heart, as the rugged cliff that crowns the mountain's summit. Oh ! remember—you cannot always enjoy the pleasures of earth : the hour is rapidly hastening on, when you shall be compelled to resign your treasures to others, and to lie down upon a level with the poor beggar. All your stores of wealth cannot redeem you from the grave, nor add a moment to your life, when relentless Death lifts his iron arm, to strike the fatal blow.

Then, oh ! be wise. Make a proper use of that which God in his mercy has lent you : then shall your light arise in obscurity, and your darkness shall be as the noon-day : and finally, when your eyes are closing upon the false splendors of earth, you shall see by faith, the peerless mansions on high, ready to receive your spirit, while your body shall sweetly fall asleep in the arms of Jesus.

REFLECTIONS ON DRESS.

I HAVE ever thought, that if the heart is ever renewed and regulated by divine grace, it will be perceptible even in the choice and arrangement of dress. For a professor of religion to follow the ever varying fashions of this wicked world, betrays a weakness of judgment, and vanity of heart, ill becoming a disciple of Jesus Christ. It is a voluntary violation of his commands. It is with emotions of heart-felt surprise and regret, that I often see professors of religion in the house of God, sacrificing the lovely grace of humility on the altar of pride and self-esteem. I see them bowing down in the humble attitude of prayer to the great Jehovah, while the gaudy appearance of their dress, would tell us that they are bowing down to the vain goddess of fashion. And to hear them sing, with apparent confidence, those lines

in the 24th hymn, so well adapted to a soul whose affections aspire only to things above,

Worldly good I do not want,
Be that to others given—

and at the same time see them shining in silks and satins, wearing a profusion of costly lace and jewels, imitating the worldling as near as possible ; what a contrast this ! who does not perceive it ? Who does not detest it ? Alas ! what a pity, that the enemies of the cross can say without violating the truth, that the devil in this respect, still prevails over the professor.

Jesus, when exhorting his disciples, says, “ Be ye followers of me :” as if he said, be ye crucified to the pleasures, maxims, and fashions of this world. The Christian needs no ornament, save that of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God, is of great price. He is commanded to come out from among the world, and to be separated : to touch not, taste not, nor even handle its vanities. We cannot serve two masters : it is utterly impossible to be a true servant of God, and at the same time to pursue the follies of the world.

We are commanded to set our affections on things above : it is reasonable to conclude, that if the affections were not placed upon these needless ornaments, we should never see them forming part of the dress. St. Peter, when exhorting the females in the church of Christ, says, “ Let not your adorning be that of outward adorning.” Shall our bodies, denominated temples of the Holy Ghost, be internally consecrated to the Spirit, and externally dedicated to the god of this world ? What glaring inconsistency !

Oh ! ye professed followers of Jesus, do ye indeed bear in your bodies the marks of the man of sorrows ? What will it profit you by conforming to the world ? will you gain the applause of sinners ? Verily no. Did you never hear them tauntingly exclaim, See that professor of religion—does his or her outward appearance denote the humble follower of the despised Jesus ? Will you gain the admiration of the mock and humble Christian ? Surely not. They will behold your vanity with pity and disapprobation. Will the ministers of the gospel commend your folly ? Have you

not been confounded, when from the sacred desk they have faithfully discharged their duty? Have not their words pointed directly at your conscience?

Oh! Christian, sail no longer under the enemy's colors; while fighting under the holy banner of King Jesus, cast away the garments of Babylon—come wholly over on the Lord's side: let the despisers of the cross see that you dare to be singular for the cause of Christ; that you nobly disdain the world's false glory, and consign such worthless trash to the moles and bats of the earth. Go, take the money that Satan would have you expend for useless articles, and in the name of the Lord, buy a needful garment for some poor widow or orphan,—it will be a jewel to thy soul of more intrinsic value, than all the treasures of the Indies. Let your attire be plain, simple, and not expensive; honor the gospel as you profess, by conforming to its easy precepts; let your dress be as an index to a mind soaring heaven-ward; to a soul that spurns the glitter of this little globe; to a heart filled with love divine, and aspiring only after that garment of fine linen, clean and white, which is the righteousness of the saints.

Let me say a few words to mothers—those who profess to be Christian mothers, but notwithstanding, adorn their children with the foolish gewgaws of fashion; and instead of striving, as much as in them lies, to subdue, are feeding the natural pride of their hearts; instead of pointing their easily directed minds to heaven, are teaching them to set their affections on some newly invented color or fashion. Oh, ye Christian mothers! remember, “just as the tree is bent the twig's inclined.” Then oh, beware! bend it not toward earth, but strive by grace, to bend and raise it toward heaven; reflect upon your deep responsibility, reflect upon the immortal interests of your offspring; polish well the jewel, it matters not so much about the casket that must soon crumble to dust, but the jewel it contains must exist forever.

A VISION.

ONE day, while musing on that passage of Scripture which says, "Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it, and broad is the way that leadeth unto death, and many there be that walk therein," methought I saw these two roads from their beginning until their end. At the end of the narrow one there appeared a glorious light, by which I could discover fields blooming with immortal flowers, and trees laden with delicious fruits, standing in lovely rows on either side of a broad river, "clear as crystal," and indescribably beautiful. I also saw innumerable glorified beings, who had once travelled this road, clothed in shining garments, bearing in their hands palms of victory, and wearing upon their heads crowns of glory, in splendor, exceeding the brightness of the sun. Methought I heard them singing melodious praises to Him who sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb, who brought them through much tribulation, to the enjoyment of eternal felicity. The words they uttered were, "Holy, holy, holy. Lord God, who hast redeemed us by thy own blood." Their only employment appeared to be praise and adoration to the King of Heaven, for redeeming mercy through Jesus Christ. After gazing with rapturous admiration, wonder and awe, upon the glorious inheritance of the saints, I reluctantly cast my eyes toward the broad road; at the end of which, I beheld an impenetrable gloom, and fancied I could distinctly hear the groans of anguish and despair, continually ascending from those miserable, deluded beings, who had wilfully pressed their way down to ruin, notwithstanding the many invitations they had to walk the narrow road, and the countless warnings they had, that the one they were in would lead to eternal death. I perceived, as soon as they came to the end of this road, and saw their danger, there was no way for their escape, it being impossible for them to retrace a single step. There was no alternative for them, and I saw them, one after another, plunge rapidly, in a moment, down a fearful steep, into the dark abyss of remediless woe. Awful indeed, were my feelings, when I beheld multitudes, yea,

more than any mortal could number, of human beings rushing, with all the velocity of time, toward, and constantly dropping in the dreadful vortex below. And what much increased my sorrow, I saw many, who had once walked in the narrow road, now urging their way down to the chambers of death. All along this road, as well as at the end, appeared to be a thick mist, and it seemed this mist arose from the polluted state of this vast concourse, and concealed from their view (in a measure) the misery that awaited them. I could discover, that "from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, they were full of wounds, bruises, and putrefying sores;" and although ointment was freely provided, and offered them, they were so self-willed they would not accept it, but spurned it from them. I saw these poor creatures endeavoring to amuse themselves, by gathering the fruit and flowers that seemed to be strewed in great abundance all along the way, which flowers, I perceived, withered in gathering; and the fruit, as soon as eaten, produced sickness and vomiting. Notwithstanding this, they were eagerly gathering and eating, and appeared to be constantly craving them. After watching the movements of this huge company for some time, I gladly turned my attention from the sickening scene of folly and dissipation, in hopes of finding something to relieve the sorrowful emotions of my heart; when my thoughts almost imperceptibly wandered toward the pleasant narrow road. And here I saw, with feelings of mingled joy, gratitude and surprise, a few solitary individuals, cheerfully and joyfully walking this pleasant path; they wore the lovely robes of humility, and were equipped with the gospel armor. Their very countenances seemed to say, "we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory," while their actions responded, we count all things loss, so we may win Christ. I saw on each side of this road many by-paths, some leading directly, others indirectly toward, and all finally terminating in the broad road. At the head of each by-path was placed a written inscription, bearing the following warnings and exhortations: "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." "Hold fast, let no man take thy crown." "If any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him; to be carnally minded is death; thou stand.

est by faith, be not high-minded, but fear ; quench not the spirit ; watch unto prayer ; watch and be sober ; standfast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ has made you free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage ; pray without ceasing ; pray that ye enter not into temptation ; resist the devil, and he will flee from you."

I noticed particularly, at the head of those paths leading an indirect way to the broad road, the following warning inscriptions : "Be not conformed to the world, come out from among them, and be ye separated from them ; touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing ; come out of her my people, partake not of her sins, that ye receive not of her plagues ; whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel, but of a meek and quiet spirit. I will that women adorn themselves with modest apparel—not with gold, or pearls, or *costly* array, but with shame-facedness and sobriety, as becometh women professing godliness."

I saw also, there were all the precious promises of Scripture, placed along on each side of the road, to attract the attention, raise the hopes, engage the affections, and rejoice the hearts of the travellers, whom, I perceived, after reading and meditating upon them, went on their journey with renewed vigor and delight. I likewise saw innumerable celestial beings, whose wings seemed to sparkle with the finest gold. These beautiful creatures were constantly hovering around the travellers, and whispering in their ears, as occasion required, the promises, warnings, exhortations, and threatenings of Scripture, and guarding them from the evil insinuations of the malignant demons, which were continually infesting each side of the road, and swarming at the head of every by-path. But I plainly saw they could not enter the sacred road ; this the evil spirits knew,—so long as the travellers kept on the straight, steady course, they could not harm them ; they therefore endeavored the more to tempt, allure, frighten, and decoy them ; they would frequently place nets and snares by the road side, and with the assistance of those from the broad road, (who sometimes came up the by-paths) endeavor to allure and frighten them, so as to entangle their feet, well knowing if they could ac-

complain this, they were nearly sure of their prey. When they failed in this, they strove to persuade the travellers with pleasing looks, and fair speeches, to accompany them down these by-paths, telling them of the charming fruits and flowers that grew all along on either side down to the broad road, and of the pleasant company to be met with there, so that it was with much difficulty they kept straight on their way.

While thus absorbed in reflections, and musing upon the difficulties and joys of the righteous, I thought it would afford me great pleasure and satisfaction, could I discover any of my acquaintance walking that blessed road; and looking around among this little happy company, I perceived here and there one, whose faces were familiar to my memory. At no great distance from the beginning of this road, I beheld a charming young female, for whom I had indulged deep and sacred feelings of friendship and esteem, not so much on account of personal charms, (of which she possessed an uncommon share) as for her beauty of mind, and the steady perseverance she manifested in travelling the narrow road, and the love she bore toward her fellow travellers. Her countenance shone with a heavenly radiance, and every action seemed to say, "I am pressing toward the mark for the prize." Now, while I was rejoicing that my young friend had turned her back upon the follies of the broad road, and was numbered with the children of God, I saw two of the company from the broad road, slowly coming up one of the by-paths, on purpose to entice, if possible, some of these travellers, who might perchance be off their guard, or entangle their feet in some of the gins by the wayside, for they often met with success in this way. Now, at the head of the path up which they were advancing, was written in legible characters, this exhortation: "I will that women adorn themselves with modest apparel, not with gold, nor pearls, nor costly array; let not your adorning be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel, but let it be the hidden man of the heart, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price." Now I saw, when they ar-

rived at the head of this path, opposite which my young friend happened to be at this moment, they very impertinently accosted her thus : " Why, really, this appears to be a solitary road for one so young and charming as you are to travel ; we wonder that you should prefer such a gloomy way : there appears to us always to be something melancholy about this road." " You cannot imagine," said Miss Frivolity, the pleasures we enjoy." " Oh ! what a silly creature," said Miss Shallowmind, " you must be, to deprive yourself of so much happiness, and to be secluded, as it were, in a cloister for life ; you are not permitted to even dress as you please, nor to join in any of our innocent amusements ; you are prohibited from assembling with us in our parties of pleasure, on a week-day, and you must not think of such a thing on your holy Sabbaths, no, not even think your own thoughts. I hope I may never be such a dupe as to submit to such bondage as this." I saw my young friend looked up with a sweet, forbearing smile, and said, " I pity your ignorance, my young friends, it is because you know not the real pleasure, the solid joys to be found in this way, you therefore despise it. I can assure you, substantial happiness is found only in walking this road, which you esteem so uninviting. I once, like you, gloried in walking the road to death. I have plucked its flowery pleasures, but they faded and withered in my hand, and what you term bondage, is to me the sweetest liberty."

" But, look," said Miss Shallowmind, " how plain and despicable you appear in the eyes of people, whereas, if you would consent to forsake this way, and come along with us, you could dress as you please, and no fear of your plain, stiff, Methodistical folks ; and besides all this, I cannot see what harm there can be in dressing a little, and even in curling the hair a little ; why, there is Mrs. Turnback, who lives a little down this path, as good a Christian as any of ye, and she dresses as gay as any of us, and curls her hair too, and a wise woman for [doing so, ' for it greatly improves her features ; she says she will not be bound to follow the example of a few infatuated beings, and that religion does not consist in dress, and that it is unreasonable to sup-

pose that people will go to hell because they dress a little gay. She says that once she was likewise affected with a mania for plain dress, and that nothing would serve her but the plainest ; and she positively declares that she was much prouder then, than she now is with all her fine clothes and jewels, and I think what she says is perfectly true, (in a whisper to Miss Frivolity,) but I have often thought that some professors would sooner part with their religion than with their fine dress." "Be sure," says Miss Frivolity, "you need not go to that excess in dressing that we do, it would be unbecoming and remarkable, because you have professed to be so plain already ; you may curl your hair a little, and in some other little things conform in a small degree to fashion.—Your companions will not notice that, and suppose they do ? surely they would not be so strenuous and barefaced as to reprove you for it : why, many of your strict church-going ladies not only curl their hair, but wear false curls, and color their cheeks with rouge, which is far worse—and I have heard it affirmed that some of them even go to balls and plays ; but this I am compelled to confess, is going too far, for they should certainly respect their religion more than to carry it with them to the devil's rendezvous, where he exhibits his puppet show. We do not wish you to go to such lengths, but then you may dress a little as we do, without committing sin ; and if you should, God is merciful, and will forgive you. Why reason itself teaches that God will not punish his creatures for mere trifles." My young friend, with a thoughtful air, replied, "Although God is merciful, he is nevertheless just, and will punish the least transgression of his holy commands. He has commanded his people to be plain, and distinguishable from the world, and it is their high privilege, as well as their imperative duty, to obey." "Poh," says Miss Frivolity, "there is more of your canting stuff ; I'll warrant you, if you once get rid of your enthusiastic notions and company, you'll very soon wish to appear as gay as we do, and think no harm of it ; and consider to how much better advantage you would appear in company ; why, it would greatly add to your beauty were you to dress a little more fashionable, and part with some of your stiff no-

tions, and be a little more sociable with the people of the world. I cannot, for my life, see why you religious folks keep aloof, and shun our people so conscientiously; for my part, I cannot see any harm in being friendly toward those from whom we happen to differ in principle." "Have you never read," said my friend, "this exhortation, 'Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers; how can two walk together except they be agreed?'" "Oh, dear," says Miss Shallowmind, "have you never been at a tea-party, where there happened to be some of those you call worldly people present? and when the merry joke went round, have you never joined in the laugh, and sometimes joked a little yourself, too? and pray what was this but walking with them? so let us hear no more of your nonsense. If you would but come with us, and dress as we do, and partake of the pleasures we enjoy, you would be ten times more respected; but while I have been striving to persuade you to abandon this hateful road, I had well nigh forgotten my errand. Do you not know, Miss Frivolity, that we came on purpose to invite this young lady to the party that is going to take place at Mrs. Vanity's, next Monday afternoon?" "What have I been thinking about, all this time," answered Miss Frivolity, "I really had almost forgotten it. Mrs. Vanity requested me particularly to invite this young lady; there are quite a number invited, and no doubt we shall be most delightfully entertained. Do you think, Miss I., that you can come to the party?"

"I cannot decide at present," replied my friend. "it depends upon the character of Mrs. Vanity, and those who compose the party. I have ever been opposed to joining in parties of worldly people—should Mrs. Vanity's name signify her character, it would be incompatible with my principles to attend."

"Oh," replied Miss Frivolity, "she is none of your foolish folks, I assure you: she is at times very serious; I myself have seen her with her prayer book in her hand, and saw her kneel, and heard her read her prayers before going to bed, and if you will consent to go, I'll warrant you'll be delighted with her." Now I saw, while they stood conversing, a Miss Thoroughlight came running up the path in haste.

to request Miss Frivolity and Miss Shallowmind to accompany her to Mrs. Turnback's, a little way down the path, but seeing my friend, she thought it was a good opportunity to tantalize her a little, and coming as near as possible, said, in a sneering manner, "Miss I, I understand you are invited to Mrs. Vanity's party. I wonder what she thinks of herself to invite such a plain, old-fashioned being to sit at the tea table with a party of fashionable ladies and gentlemen? Why, you will appear as stiff and ungraceful as a cabbage stalk, in the narrow-sleeved, grave-looking dress you generally wear, and then your hair is beyond endurance. What! not a single curl? Oh, this will never suit people of quality and fashion; I plainly see you must put away your whims before you think of going there; I would abandon them at once, they make you appear so awkward and singular."—I saw, when Miss Thoughtless had ended her impertinent speech, my young friend looked somewhat confounded at her bold, ridiculous expressions, and taunting manner, and with a faltering voice, replied, "I cannot comply with your requirements (they are directly opposed to the commands of Scripture) unless I forsake this way."

"Oh, no," said Miss Frivolity, "you need not forsake this way; we would not wish any thing so unreasonable. Save your soul if you can, but you may safely come a little way down this path, and you can easily return, and your companions be none the wiser for it." She made no reply, but appeared agitated.

Now I saw the before-mentioned shining guardians, constantly passing, repassing, and hovering around her, and they would sometimes whisper in her ear these words of holy writ, "If sinners entice thee, consent thou not," but she appeared not to notice them. Then Miss Shallowmind began again, "Come, Miss Frivolity, it is high time we go, we have stood long enough preaching about dress, a thing of so little consequence; and I ache to get away from this horrible place,—what say you, Miss I, do you think you shall be able to grace our little party? I dare say Mrs. Vanity will be in an ecstasy if she gets you there, as she sent us on purpose to invite you."

"Yes," says Miss Frivolity, "if she will consent to have her head dressed a little, and her dress altered, so that it may look a little more respectable, Mrs. Vanity will no doubt be delighted to see her; but if she goes just as she is, I know not what sort of reception she will meet with, for Mrs. Vanity is very dressy herself. And you know, Miss Shallowmind, Mr. V. is very fond of dress, and amusements too, for I hear he goes to the theatre every night; and who is more regular in attendance at church than Mr. V? and a wise man he is for taking his comfort as he goes along. What was the world made for but to take pleasure in? Come, let us strive to get an answer from this young lady. Do you think you can accompany us to the party on Monday next?" My friend hesitated for some time, and at length replied, "What will my companions say, should I leave them, and go to parties of pleasure, and so near the broad road too, as Mrs. Vanity lives?"

"Say! let them say what they please," said Miss Frivolity, "what is that to them—if they wished to take a little pleasure, they would not stoop to ask your leave; and I'll warrant you, if they were to get such a polite invitation as you have, they would very gladly accept it." "Come," says Miss Shallowmind, "let us have an answer, that we may go—I cannot bear to remain here any longer, and, Miss I, if you'll come, we'll meet you here on the day appointed, and we'll all go together to Mrs. Turnback's, a little below here, and dress, and Mrs. Turnback (who is a fine woman) will assist us; and moreover, she has a curling tongs of her own, for ever since she lived down this path, she has been rid of her stiff notions about dress, and I like her much better for it—and I have no doubt she will lend you some of her jewels, as you have none of your own; but then I am afraid you will take the shine off all the company—however, you had better borrow them, for a young lady to go to a party destitute of ornaments, you know, would appear very mean."—"Do promise to meet us," says Miss Frivolity, "there is no harm in going to a party, I'm sure."

I did not hear my young friend give her consent, but I perceived they had prevailed over her, by their boasting of

the conquest they had made, after they left her. I saw she stood in a thoughtful mood, pondering on what they said, when, lo ! one of the shining messengers passed rapidly by some of the travellers, and approached her with these words, "Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown." She looked up somewhat surprized, and again hung her head, but made no reply. I saw the color flush her cheeks, and supposed she felt abashed when she found that she had been perceived to stand talking with these idle flatterers. There is one thing I noticed worthy of remark. I did not perceive her to move forward on her journey, from her first conversation with these people ; but she would go back a little, and then advance a little, and so kept nearly in the same place without standing still. Well, on the day appointed, I saw these same creatures, with more of their associates, attended by many of the evil spirits, advancing up the same by-path, until they arrived nearly where they stood before, and not seeing her immediately, cast their eyes eagerly around, and soon espied her, and beckoned her to come to them. She appeared at first unwilling to comply, but their pleasant looks, false smiles, and fair speeches, soon allured her near them, when Miss Shallowmind began thus :

"Well, I hope you are ready to accompany us to Mrs. Vanity's this afternoon : the party are to assemble at three o'clock, and as we are to go to Mrs. Turnback's first, to dress, which will take some time, we have not a moment to spare. I would not for any thing that we were too late—why, we should look like fools, and put the company in an uproar ; beside, it would be enough to affront Mrs. Vanity, who is a woman of taste and politeness." I saw my friend stood with her eyes cast toward the ground, absorbed in deep thought. "Come, come," says Miss Frivolity, "what makes you look so gloomy ? you religious folks know so well how to put on long faces—why, you remind me of a stormy day in winter. I wonder, instead of such sad looks, that your face is not lit up with joy, at the prospect of pleasure awaiting us at the party." My friend sighed heavily, but made no answer. "Come," said Miss Thoughtless, "put away dull melancholy, let us take pleasure while we can ; it will

be time enough to be sad when we can no longer be merry." "Yes, and we must soon be going," says Miss Shallowmind. "Come, Miss I, you recollect that you promised to go—and you sanctified ones must not tell an untruth."

Now I saw, while Miss Shallowmind was endeavoring to rally her out of her pensive feelings, Miss Frivolity caught hold of her hand and said, "Come, dear Miss I, you cannot imagine how it hurts my feelings to see you look so sad.—Your kind of folk harbor an opinion that we worldlings know but little about soft feelings, but I assure you I am really distressed to see you look so sorrowful. Come, cheer up, and go with us to the party, and I'll warrant you, after you have been there half an hour, you'll forget all your troubles. Come, let us haste and get away from this place, it's enough to make any one sad." And so saying, she led her away, followed by the rest of this wicked company. Down the path I beheld, as she was going along, many of the celestial guardians hovering around her, so near as almost to touch her face with their wings, and continually whispering in her ear the fearful threatenings of scripture, such as these: "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; for if we sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful looking-for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries."

I saw when she got some distance down the path, her fellow-travellers began to miss her, and casting their eyes toward that way, what was their grief, to behold her surrounded by the multitude who do evil, and turning her back upon the narrow way. They soon arrived at Mrs. Turnback's, and now behold her, who once dared to face a sinful world, who had turned her back upon its fashions and pleasures, consenting to put on the habiliments of the daughters of Babylon. Emotions of pity and indignation alternately swelled my heart, as I beheld her going from Mrs. Turnback's in company with these defamers of religion. I finally saw that they arrived at Mrs. Vanity's, and of course every thing was in unison with the carnal heart—the laugh and joke went merrily round the tea-table, when in the midst of

their hilarity, I saw one of the guardian spirits fly toward my young friend, and gently touching her cheek, whispered these awful words in her ear, "The end of these things is death." She affected to conceal her feelings, but her countenance betrayed the agony of her soul. But her surprise soon subsided, and the voice of conscience was nearly hushed by the wild sounds of sinful mirth. Had I time, I would rehearse some of the conversation that passed that afternoon; it was, however, not in the least congenial to the feelings of the true disciple of Jesus. I at length awoke from my reverie, without knowing whether or no my young friend returned to the narrow road, took up her residence in the by-path, or went with these openly wicked ones to the broad road.

WINTER REFLECTIONS.

NATURE is wrapt in a winding sheet. Stern Winter hath laid his chilling hand upon her, and she is now stiff and motionless. The roses have faded from her cheeks, and the bright carnation withered upon her lips. The violet and the jessamine no longer bloom upon her breast—the woodbine and honeysuckle, which late so gracefully wreathed her brow, have been robbed of their glossy charms, by the relentless frost. But she is still beautiful; I stand at my window, absorbed in admiring wonder, while gazing upon the loveliness and grandeur of the scene before me. The queen of night is attired in her most brilliant robes—majestically seated in her silver car, attended by all her dazzling retinue. See, how serenely she rides o'er yon azure fields of heaven! the surface of the snow is reflecting the bright beams of her splendor, and its particles are twinkling with extreme refulgence and beauty. The little pond before the door is glazed over, and shining like a mirror. The branches of the tall hemlocks, sparkling with icicles, appear like a wall of emerald and crystal around our little town. Oh!

what a lovely prospect ! Is there a heart so insensible, so completely stolid, as not to be charmed by scenery so magnificent ? The spotless purity of the snow, reminds me of a certain text of scripture, I once heard in B. street church, at which time were described the robes of the glorified. I then fancied I almost saw the spirits of " the just made perfect," adorned with robes whiter than the snow upon which I am now gazing. Methinks these shining particles faintly resemble the stars in the crowns of the faithful in glory, especially the faithful minister of Jesus. And the pond, so beautifully glazed, reminds me of the sea of glass ; while the hemlocks, with their icicles glowing in the moonbeams, present to my imagination the wall of precious stone, spoken of by St. John. Now the gentle image of one far away rises to my mental view. Mountains rise, and rivers roll between us, still I behold the friend of my heart. Ah ! is she now gazing, with her bereaved friend, upon yon lucid orbs ? She, too, was an admirer of nature. Tell me, ye bright laminaries, is she whom I love, now viewing your placid features, wrapt in silent thought, and solemn admiration ? Is her heart now swelling with delightful emotions of grateful joy, as it aspires in soft and holy breathings to the great Author and ruler of all those splendid revolving systems ? or is she gazing upon the earth, wrapt in her spangled ermine mantle ? Ah ! perhaps she has already sunk to rest in the soothing arms of sleep. Is she dreaming of her long lost friend ? Who can tell but she may be very near—it may be, conversing with me—thought climbs mountains, and crosses rivers in a twinkling.

Long and heavily have passed the hours away since last we parted. Faithfully and vividly doth memory portray to my imagination that parting scene. Oh, how does this anguish-smitten heart cling to the remembrance of that last tearful glance of love, and the warm, thrilling grasp of deep and sacred friendship, while fond affection loves to linger round the hallowed spot, where oft our souls have melted and mingled into one, while engaged in sweet, congenial converse ! Oh, with what force do these happy, interesting hours rush upon my mind, and awaken afresh all those ten-

der joys, inspired by mutual and social kindness! Never—never, my dearest S., shall I forget your friendship; your loved image is too deeply graven on the tablet of my heart ever to be obliterated. Forever shalt thou live in my warm affections; ungenerous and ungrateful would be my heart, could it cease to love and admire a soul possessed of sentiments so truly noble, kind, and constant. Can I forget to love thee? No. Yon peerless queen of night may hide her beauties behind her waneing veil, and change with every changing week; clouds and storms may obscure yonder burning gems in heaven's blue arch; seasons may change; cold-hearted winter, with his chill, ungenial breath, may wither the beauteous features, and blast the blushing cheeks of lovely, warm-hearted summer, yet shall my love remain unchanged for my beloved S. No power shall break the silken cord that binds our souls in a union so pure, so holy. Together have we conversed over our joys and sorrows; together have our fervent desires ascended to the throne of God, for each other's present and eternal welfare; together have we mingled our tears, and drank each other's bliss and griefs, until our spirits were mysteriously blended in sweet, harmonious union; together have we held soul-enrapturing, unearthly communion, and shall we never meet more? Oh, yes—on earth I may never more behold her mild, expressive countenance; I may never more listen to her soft, soothing voice, and persuasive eloquence, beneath the skies; but oh, joyful hope! there is a world where I trust we shall meet and together cast our blood-bought crowns at the feet of sovereign grace. Till then, farewell!

DECEPTION AMONG PROFESSORS OF RELIGION.

THERE are three evils, existing more particularly among female professors of religion, which could be easily and speedily remedied. The first is the practice of making promises, and neglecting to perform them. Disappointment ever

carries to the sensitive mind, unpleasant and painful sensations ; for instance, I have a friend whom I highly esteem, and in whom I repose implicit confidence. This friend promises to pay me a visit at such a time. Agreeably to my wishes and desires, the hour arrives in which I hope to welcome her to my habitation. I anxiously wait and expect her arrival, but she does not appear ; she fails to fulfil her word ; she disappoints me. Upon inquiry into the cause of such treatment, she tells me that such or such a trifling circumstance prevented her—not indeed of sufficient consequence to justify her in breaking her promise. What are my feelings when I learn the true state of the case ? Can I believe her again ? Is not that respect and friendship I felt for her blunted, and the confidence I reposed in her, in a great measure at least, diminished ? Can I feel that warm glow of affection for her, which I once felt kindling in my heart, after treating me with such neglect ? No, I cannot. I feel to exclaim, Where is truth and candor to be found, if not in the meek disciple of Jesus ? I am sensible that there are reasons sometimes, sufficient to justify the most holy and conscientious in breaking their word ; but these, in general, are very rare. Christians should ever promise under a deep sense of the presence of Omniscience, and no causes, but such as are absolutely unavoidable, should induce them to falsify their word.

The next evil is, that some Christian ladies are in the habit of inviting people at their houses, who they in reality do not wish to visit them. They invite them merely for compliment sake—because it is the custom, and as they say, a conformity to the rules of politeness and common civility. Poor excuse, indeed, for deception ! This, I believe, is an evil, of which not a few are guilty, and though it may appear of but small moment to us, yet in the pure eyes of God, who cannot behold deceit with the least degree of allowance, it is awful trifling. It is a crime, which will, some time or other, meet with its due punishment. The last, though not least evil is, that some Christian ladies in particular, if a person enters their houses, they will apparently treat them with politeness, respect, and attention, but as soon as they leave their thres-

hold, they are sure to pass some unpleasant remarks upon either their person, manners, or dress, and perhaps upon all. I am happy to say, this is not always so ; but I have known it to be frequently the case. What dreadful dissembling in the sight of God, to whose piercing eye the secrets of all hearts are open ! I feel thankful to God that there are some minds too noble to stoop so low. Oh, that Christians would awake to this subject ! oh, that they felt its vast importance ! Christians, I beseech you, one and all, who are guilty of such inconsistencies, to reform immediately, make your promises in the fear of God, and in the fear of God strive to perform them. Never invite persons to your houses as associates, whose company is not more acceptable than their absence. Never make any unpleasant or contemptuous remarks of an absent person. If you have any fault to find with him, tell him to his face freely, and in the true spirit of love. It is your duty. Let all your words and actions be consistent, such as becometh the gospel. 'Tis pleasing beyond description, to behold the pure, untarnished whiteness of the lily, the blushing beauties of the new-blown rose : these are lovely to the eye, and their fresh odors sweet to the smell. The modest charms of the violet, how beautiful and lovely ! But how pleasing, how lovely, how beautiful, how majestic and graceful, does that female appear to every discerning mind, in whom candor, simplicity of manners, truth and refinement, are sweetly blended ! The female possessed of these amiable qualities, heightened by the charms of pure religion, may be compared to a beautiful and fruitful garden, in the midst of a dreary wilderness.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND AND SISTER,

Miss A***** H***.

FRIENDSHIP is a plant of heavenly origin and beauty, and of too delicate a nature to bloom in the stoical heart of apathy. The soil of cold indifference is not congenial to its tender growth, captivating charms, and expanding beauties.—

Its lovely blossoms are of so exquisitely fine a texture, that their silken leaves recoil from the cold glance of unkindness, as the sensitive plant shrinks from the gentlest touch. But does this charming and generous plant, which first sprung up in the balmy groves of Eden, still bloom in this wilderness of deception and envy, this land of shadows, barrenness and draught? I answer, yes. It does indeed bloom on earth, but so rarely to be found, that it may well be compared to the precious diamond. For twenty years have I sought with assiduity and perseverance, for this inestimable gem; and in the whole circle of my acquaintance, I have found but comparatively few, on whose hearts I could discover, plainly delineated, the genuine marks of disinterested friendship. Early in life, I felt its sacred flame kindling within my bosom. I felt and sighed for a congenial spirit. I sought it in the company of gay and thoughtless youth, and soon imagined I saw it beaming in the fair countenance of a youth, lovely in external charms. I hastily ran to embrace it, but while folding it to my heart, lo! it withered, and faded from my view. My soul was sorrowful, but not discouraged; I felt confident that friendship dwells in "human form," and continued my pursuit. I next fancied I had found my desired object in a youth of my own age, of mild and pleasing features. My heart was filled with joy, and the glowing feelings of my soul burst forth in a brighter flame than ever. But, alas! it was only a momentary bliss. My serene sky was suddenly obscured by dark, portentous clouds. That smile, which seemingly wore the charm of sweetness, and beguiled my unsuspecting heart, was false. That glance which I vainly imagined fraught with benevolence and kindness, was burdened with deception. Wearied, disappointed, and disgusted at the perfidy of the human heart, my spirits languished, my heart bled with silent anguish. The deep sigh of wounded love swelled my bosom, and the tears of unrequited friendship flowed in secret, oft as memory portrayed to my fancy the image of her I too fondly loved. How false, and yet sometimes how beautiful to behold, is friendship's counterfeit. I again sought for it in the mansions of the rich and fashionable, but it was not there.

I sought it amongst the ignorant, and the learned, but in vain. It ever eluded my sight. My heart was burdened with sorrow, when I reflected that my every effort to find the long desired solace of my soul had proved ineffectual. Oh, thought I, that I knew where to find this gift of heaven, how eagerly would I hasten to clasp it to my breast! Thus were my feelings tortured, while my grief-torn heart, as soon as healed, was pierced anew, and bled afresh, until Religion, daughter of heaven, cast a pitying glance toward me. Her sweet, seraphic smile, and unearthly charms, caught my eye, and captivated my affections. She beheld me void of consolation. She flew on wings of love to my relief, bearing in her soft hand a balsam for all my woes. She kindly bound up my broken heart, and gently wiped away the tears of sorrow, which still glistened on my cheek, and pointed my wounded, drooping spirit to those blessed mansions, where friendship blooms luxuriant and immortal. She then took me by the hand, and led me to her devoted followers; here, for the first time, I found the lovely, long-sought stranger,—but not in the midst of wealth and splendor: not in the circles of the highly polished and refined with this false world's accomplishments. Ah! where but in the lowly cottage, did I first behold the fair angel of mercy, bending over the sick-bed of suffering, self-degraded humanity, and pouring into the wounded bosom, the balm of heavenly consolation. I folded her in my arms, pressed her to my glad heart—we met, never to part in spirit.

MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

THERE is nothing so dignifying to the human mind, as an assiduous cultivation, a wise improvement, and proper application of those exalted powers, with which it is so wisely and graciously furnished by its great Creator. When God formed man, and breathed into him that deathless principle, stamped with the impress of immortality he illumined it with the ray of reason, endowed it with various

passions, those sensitive chords, which so easily vibrate, if touched by pleasure or pain, and bestowed upon it sensibility, susceptible of the noblest and most refined impressions.— He likewise gave him faculties capable of cultivating, bringing to perfection, and properly directing and appropriating every seed, implanted in the soil of the human mind. The soul, thus invested with the materials and implements of improvement, and thereby rendered distinguishable from, and exalted above the irrational creation, is under infinite obligations to God, and stands responsible for the improvement of the one or more talents committed to its trust. The reader may inquire, did not the soul forfeit and lose all its moral principles and powers, when it lost the image of Deity, and fell into a state of ignorance and degradation? True, when Adam sinned, he lost the divine perfections of his nature, he lost those glorious graces and powers, with which he was so bountifully and generously endowed—but were they not measurably restored in the promise of the Saviour? If not, how is the soul accountable for its ideas and actions, or how would God be just in punishing it for the misimprovement of that it hath not, or of not using powers which it does not possess. It appears evident from both scripture and reason, that the human mind possesses all its original faculties, principles and passions, (though in a measure obscured, weakened, and blighted by the fall,) and that the faculties retain sufficient strength, if their chief, the will, inclines to elevate the mind to the highest pinnacle of human knowledge. And by the influence of divine grace, (of which every soul has a bountiful share,) it may finally reach the fair climes of boundless light and love.

Having endeavored to show that the human mind is capable of possessing every requisite qualification for improvement, we will in the next place show a few of the many incentives calculated to inspire it with a vigorous engagedness in the pursuit of knowledge. The all-wise Creator never designed that man should remain inactive, and consequently has placed within his reach, various and glowing incentives to action. The world, in either a natural, moral, or spiritual sense, abounds with an endless diversity, scattered over

vast, unmeasured fields of speculation, for the investigation and improvement of the mind, in every thing necessary and beautiful. The hills and mountains of our globe, which form the grand relievo in nature's sculpture, stand arrayed in different, brilliant shades of green; the fields and valleys are redundant with flowers of various species, hues, and odors; the forests, clad in robes of dark, romantic beauty; the rocks, that lift their bare and rugged foreheads to the clouds; the pensively sighing rills, the laughing, playful streams, the peaceful gliding river, and the hoarse, tremendous cataract; the calm, placid lake, forming a mirror to the skies, and deep, treacherous sea; even the earth on which we tread, is carefully covered with a richly enamelled carpet, beautifully besprinkled with flowers of different dyes, while the broad firmament, with all its countless hosts, is spread above our heads, like an azure canopy bestud with diamonds; the gorgeous clouds, reposing in a sunset sky, and the fresh, roseate tints of morning; the kind, gentle zephyrs that fan our feverish frames, and the harsh, angry tempest that menaces destruction; finally, every object in the kingdom of nature, is calculated, and was originally designed to attract, incite, and engage the mind, in a careful contemplation, a persevering investigation, and a devout admiration of the works of her great Architect.

I am aware that some minds are so grossly grovelling in their ideas, as to suppose, and ignorantly assert, that the innumerable suns and systems we behold, were created *only* to shed the glory of their united rays upon this speck we inhabit. They will not admit that these countless, shining orbs, sparkling so brilliantly in yon azure depths of heaven, and which only thought can reach, may possibly teem with intelligence and life, as well as ours. Let me ask, with a certain poet—Can man conceive beyond what God can do? Or I would humbly propose this alteration—Can man conceive beyond what God hath done, consistent with his goodness? There appears to be sufficient evidence, both from scripture, reason, and the discoveries of astronomy, to satisfy every enlightened mind, that the planet we inhabit is only as a drop to an unbounded ocean. A small speck, surrounded

by superior worlds, inconceivable in number, scattered throughout the wide extent of Jehovah's dominions; is it reasonable to suppose, that the all-wise, powerful, and good Creator, has brought into existence all those flaming orbs, which so beautifully and harmoniously revolve upon their axis, merely to enlighten this small point in creation, the abode of man? Such narrow, illiberal, ungenerous reflections of Deity, should never be allowed to occupy an immortal mind; they are the fruits of negligence and inconsideration, which nourish and feed ignorance.

As it respects the world, in a spiritual and moral point of view, every enlightened and well informed Christian, (for such only are fit judges,) will admit that there are incentives to vigorous, untiring investigation and improvement, too various, beautiful, pleasurable, and multifarious for description or enumeration, and which can only be properly appreciated and enjoyed by an aspiring, enlightened, and renewed mind. The broad and interminable fields of creating power, preserving mercy, and redeeming love, blooming with the beauties, and exuberant with the fruits of immortality, are fitted to incite the mind to the most vigorous and assiduous exertions to cultivation and improvement.

The relations which the mind bears to its fellow intelligencies, as it regards the social and domestic duties of life, unfolds extensive tracts for cultivation and improvement in knowledge, beauty, and usefulness.

There are, also, incentives interwoven with the constitutional texture of the dispositions of the mind, with its principles and passions: the natural inclination or tendency of its powers, the extreme susceptibility of the various passions, the restless activity of its inventive organs, the insatiable principles of ambition and curiosity, and nameless other endowments, are all calculated to encourage the mind to energetic and constant labors in the fields of moral and religious improvement.

This being admitted, we would wish to lay before the reader, some of the many means of improvement. Dr. Watts observes, there are five eminent means, or methods, whereby the mind is improved in the knowledge of things. These

are observation, reading, instruction by lectures, conversation, and meditation. The mind need never remain idle in regard to proper objects of observation, religion, and morality; and nature abounds with them. I am aware, notwithstanding, there are minds so negligent, that they appear to sit supinely down, satisfied with knowing no more than that which happens to come in their way, and even which, they can inform you very little concerning. How blameable in the extreme are such minds, with all the happy means of free information within their power, and blest with faculties to improve! They settle down, content to be branded with the title of ignoramus—not that I would be understood to suppose that every intellect is adequate to the task of measuring the distance and circumference of the planets—no, by no means, but there are various objects of important knowledge, which the common mind, by studious investigation, may be able to comprehend, and which would then open to them sources of intellectual pleasure and riches, of which, through lethargy and indolence, they must be forever deprived.

Reading is another great and glorious means of improvement. Happy for our favored country, there are very few, as far as the blessed beams of the gospel have penetrated, that can justly plead the want of books, as an excuse for ignorance. The pure, refreshing streams of information are continually gliding in every direction around us—it is only drink and be wise. The pearly gates of literature are thrown wide upon their golden hinges—it is only enter and banquet on her choicest dainties without price. The vast empire of science, abounds with verdant fields of research and speculation, glowing with substantial and lovely gratifications, inviting us to a share full and free; yet strange, the sordid mind turns its back upon treasures so durable, so desirable, and spurns at pleasures so delightful.

The world abounds with books of moral and religious characters, but for all the benefit that the slothful and the votaries of folly derive from them, they might as well not have been written. The interesting events of ancient times and places, unfolded by Rollin and Josephus—the amazing dis-

coveries of astronomy, and deep researches of philosophy—the beautiful and sublime flights of a Milton—the profound investigations of a Locke—the sweetly pensive ideas of a Young—the brilliant charms of a Spencer—the sparkling imaginations of a Cowper, with all the catalogue of moral and religious authors, who have written for *our* pleasure, instruction, and edification, (as well as for their own,) have labored and “spent the midnight oil” in vain, to that mind, which refuses the profits and delights of instructive information. It is painful to a feeling, generous heart, to reflect that there are many individuals, who prefer spending their leisure moments in idle chit-chat, or in poring over a compound of untruth and nonsense, calculated to corrupt the morals, and fill the mind with ideal phantoms, which in reality never did, and never will exist, to feasting their souls and adorning their minds with the substantial pleasures and undying beauties of truth. Even their Bible, (that sacred, and only directory to the kingdom of eternal life and happiness,) lies neglected for weeks, months, and perhaps years. They will not suffer its holy lines to meet their eyes, lest its heavenly beams should penetrate the thick darkness of their minds. I have known others, who professed to be very tenacious of scripture knowledge, but who were, nevertheless, inclined to discard all springing from any other source. This is ungenerous in the extreme, and argues a selfish, contracted spirit. “Why,” say they, “it is enough, that a Christian understands and believes his Bible, he needs no other knowledge.” They feel under no obligation to God for the talents he has employed, in setting forth, explaining, and illustrating the scriptures, nor indeed, (according to their mode of arguing,) in holding forth the sublime beauties and excellencies of religion, through the instrumentality of preaching. We could have known but comparatively little of the wonders of nature, providence and grace, were it not for the many excellent commentators, and various other authors, whom God in his wisdom and goodness, hath raised up, as means of increasing the knowledge and happiness of mankind.

OBLIGATIONS.

We are under deep and momentous obligations, to use every means within our grasp, which may lead to the cultivation and improvement of the mind, storing it with the rich treasures of literature; and thereby leading it to a true estimate, and proper use of every moral, social, and religious virtue, which will result in love and reverence to our Creator, kindness towards our fellow-creatures, and genuine refinement and beauty of manners, and finally, a share of solid comfort here, and hereafter an eternal weight of glory and happiness.

The obligations we are under to our fellow-creatures, as to mental improvement, are numerous and weighty. The influence of a well informed mind, will spread far and near, and will be felt throughout future generations, down to the end of time, as well as in eternity.

Seeing that we are under obligations of a social nature, to cultivate and improve the mind, it is necessary that we exert, as far as practicable, all its powers in searching out, digging deeper, and making new discoveries from the profound, and yet unexplored mines of erudition, in order to furnish the intellect with splendid and useful materials, and thereby enable it to assist in raising the grand superstructure of knowledge, in the minds of future generations.

We are under infinite obligations to God, how we use the one or many talents he has bestowed upon us, whether we properly improve them, or "bury them in a napkin." He has not only, (as has been stated,) provided various incentives and means, but has positively commanded us to observe and employ them to his glory, our own good, and that of our fellow-creatures. Obedience to which command, will secure to us all that is desirable, but disobedience will end in severe loss and punishment.

Mental improvement is a duty we owe to ourselves, as well as to God, and society. Ignorance is an effect of the fall of Adam, an alienation of the mind from God, the great fountain of knowledge, and so far as it pervades the mind, precisely so far does it eclipse from its view, the glory of

Deity ; but the farther this veil is removed from the understanding, the more clear and distinct will be its perceptions of God, of his works, and his ways, the kingdoms of nature, providence and grace, the brighter will appear the perfections of the divine character, the loftier will be our conceptions of him, and the more will we be led to admire, love, and venerate him. Consequently, the larger and stronger will be our vessels, and the greater and sublimer will be our ideas and pleasures while on earth, and the sweeter and nobler our enjoyments in the world of glory. On the contrary, if we settle down in a careless inactivity, satisfied with our present meagre attainments, we can never hope to be entitled to those exalted pleasures and durable riches, that improvement bequeaths to her favored ones—we shall lose that which can never be restored, and against which, (if cast into a balance,) all the boasted treasures of earth would prove lighter than a feather.

The human soul is like a garden, sown with the seeds of various beautiful flowers, and which, with attentive cultivation, will present to the eye a scene of exquisite loveliness, and regale the smell with the sweetest odors ; but if neglected, rank weeds will obscure the promising delights. Thus the mind, if well cultivated, will charm and ornament society—but if the noxious weeds of inconsideration are suffered to overgrow, and choke the tender plants, we may only expect wild irregularity and disorder. The faculties of those sturdy plants will be weakened, and become crooked and dwarfish. The dispositions calculated to unfold blossoms of brilliant and diversified colors, will be blasted in the bud, or unsightly to behold. And the passions, those beautiful and tender vines, which sometimes put forth flowers of the softest tints, which exhale the most refreshing fragrance, will fly in wild, unseemly confusion, if touched by the slightest breeze.

We have endeavored in the foregoing thoughts, as opportunity afforded, to point out a few of the numerous advantages flowing from an extensive and proper improvement of the mind, and would in the last place, unfold some of the disadvantages resulting from an indifferent neglect of cultivation,

I have heard individuals say, that "if they were so happy as to get inside the gate of heaven, they desired no more." From which, it might be inferred, that if they escaped hell, they were not over anxious to gain heaven. Such may possibly reach heaven, "yet so as by fire;" if so, they will be stars of an inferior order in the firmament of the heavenly world. Persons of this description have no relish for refined pleasures. Their sphere of intellectual action is so circumscribed, that they are unable to form correct ideas concerning, or to converse upon foreign subjects, or to rise above the common concerns and occurrences of life; they can converse very fluently upon subjects which come within the narrow compass of their knowledge, (thereby showing an aptitude,) but when conversation plumes its wings, and begins to rise upon a level with their understanding, it soon soars beyond the powers of their weak vision. How lost is such a mind, to the pleasures of deep reflection, fine sensibility, and sublime ideas!

Reason, that grand and glorious faculty of the soul, for the want of proper exercise, loses its energy, and guided by incorrect and base ideas, often engages in the service of Satan, in endeavoring to obscure the sacred light of Christianity, overturn the temple of moral virtue, and unfurl the black flag of infidelity in their stead. I am aware it has been affirmed, that deep erudition often tends to lead the mind into vague reasonings and wild speculations. This is a wrong inference,—it is the abuse of knowledge *only* that bewilders and misguides the mind; on the contrary, knowledge, if properly appreciated and applied, leads the mind to concise apprehensions and just conclusions.

There are others, who doubt the utility of profound knowledge, upon this principle, that to know much, involves in an equal share of responsibility. Of this there can be no doubt. But then, is not knowledge based upon correct, exalted and durable principles, furnished with corresponding advantages? Does it not expand and invigorate the mind? The understanding must be of sufficient strength and capacity to contain an idea, before it can possibly receive that idea,—and the pleasing gratifications flowing from a just

and noble apprehension of objects, is an ample compensation for the most arduous labor and perseverance in attaining it.

The uncultivated mind is incapable of those soft, delicate, and exquisite feelings, which arise from a refined imagination, and enlarged understanding. It is comparatively a stranger to the sublime ecstasies inspired by the beauties of creation, the wonders of providence, and the mysteries of divine grace; it can gaze upon the vivid hues of the rainbow, bending in graceful beauty in the sullen cloud. It can behold the earth robed in verdure, diversified with towering mountains, and cragged rocks, broad rivers, and stupendous water-falls. It can look up to the heavens, and see the moon sailing in silent splendor o'er its deep, blue sea, attended by all her glittering hand-maidens. It can look upon these wonders and beauties without prying into either their cause or their properties. It can behold and enjoy the effects of redemption, without attempting to survey the grand spring of its operations, and partake of the benefits of providence, without espying the wheel within a wheel.

An uncultivated mind is incapable of enjoying the pleasures of lofty contemplation; its unfledged ideas are too feeble to soar into the high and unfrequented regions of thought. Therefore it cannot survey the fertile hills and vales of exalted meditation, nor inhale the ambrosial fragrance of her blossoms.

The disadvantages of ignorance in regard to manners, are many and glaring. In vain does the lovely featured damsel adorn herself with the costly gems of the east, and imitate the fickle freaks of fashion. In vain does her eye sparkle like the diamond, and her cheeks glow with the fresh tints of the virgin rose. Alas! for external charms, the ugly, deformed features of ignorance, cannot be hid by the flimsy veil of beauty.

Ignorance is the agent of much evil. Did individual, proper, and extensive intellectual improvement prevail, our prisons and almshouses would soon be emptied; our streets would no longer be infested by abandoned females; the gallows would no more be erected; the widow's tears would

no longer flow in secret over the base conduct of a beloved son, nor the father's heart rend with grief for an ungrateful daughter; and various evils that now wound the heart of virtue, would be banished from the earth, and industry, prosperity, peace, love and union, would ride in triumph throughout the land.

THE INDIANS.

ON reading the noble remarks by Mr. Burgess, concerning the removal of the Indians, I was prompted to say a few words in behalf of this injured people. At the same time feeling inadequate to the task, I would ask the indulgence of the candid; and if my subject shall be destitute of the glowing charms of eloquence, I shall be content if it wear the plain garb of truth and simplicity. But first, I would say a few words by way of apology in relation to my sex. I am well aware, the time was when the intellectual powers of woman were held in derision by the narrow mind of superstition, and are even now spoken of with contempt by many; but happily for our sex, the mists of ignorance and misanthropy are rapidly receding before the mild, but radiant beams of the gospel, and woman is gradually arising to the dignified station which she was destined by her Creator to fill. The mind of woman, as that of man, may be compared to a fertile garden, which, if neglected, will soon be overgrown with noxious weeds; but if well cultivated, will produce exquisite beauties, and exhale sweeter than Arabian odors to delight the eye and exhilarate the heart.

It is more than twelve months since I read an appeal in behalf of the Indians, said to have been the production of a female mind; and it truly did honor to the sex. Is there but one solitary female, whose heart melts with sympathy? Is there but one, endowed with intellect and education sufficient to defend the sacred cause of humanity? Yes, there are many, who feel the combined principles of benevolence and

justice in their hearts ; but who smother the flame under the rubbish of false modesty. Humanity is a name so sweet, that to its melodious sound, methinks every female heart ought to vibrate with unearthly sensations. Daughters of Columbia, arise, move in your circle—you are at liberty ; only keep within its limits. Let the sympathetic feelings of your souls flow to your pens. The cause of benevolence, of justice, of religion itself, require it. The red man is again to be molested ; the white man has from time to time driven him from his possessions, and has reared towns and cities thereon ; but ever greedy avarice would pursue him off the face of the earth. A reflecting mind would ask, why all this cruelty toward the red man—this base ingratitude ? When the white man was driven by the fiend of oppression from the old, to the shores of the new world, he came to the wigwam of the red man, who received him kindly, and set venison before him, and brought him pure water from the forest fountain, to slake his thirst ; for the red man was then a stranger to fire-waters. The white man soon grew audacious—he wished to be lord of this land of freedom—cunning and artful, he bargained with the red man, and gave him fire-arms and fire-waters for his lands. The red man, ignorant of the value of his possessions, exchanged with the white man, and retreated. The white man follows him up ; the red man retreats farther, and still farther. The white man, steady to his aim, pursues him still ; and when fair means will not avail, he substitutes foul, until at length the red man, weary, melancholy, and disgusted at the treatment he has received, flies from the face of the white man, and leaves him sole lord of his vast dominions.

Thus has the civilized man returned the kindness of the Indian. A remnant still remains of this once mighty nation ; but the hand of barbarity has again raised the sword of oppression. Behold, even now it glitters over his devoted head, keen with revenge, and eager to exterminate the unhappy race. But why should they be driven from the earth, as unworthy to inhabit it ? They are human beings, a people possessed of a noble spirit : doubtless, had they been blessed with science and literature co-equal with other nations,

many bright examples of valor and magnanimity would have been recorded, many new inventions and discoveries would have shed a brilliant halo around their naturally bright genius, even though surrounded with the gloom of savage ignorance. We have some examples of their dauntless courage and heroic virtues. Shall the daring acts of Tecumseh be forgotten? Shall the magnanimous deed of the youthful Pocahontas, who exposed her own life to save that of a white man, be buried in the shades of oblivion? Will our President, with calm composure, behold the wrongs of this people? will he see them driven from their homes, and with tears of deep regret bidding adieu to their loved habitations, already made vocal by the voice of prayer and the songs of praise? Methinks I almost see them departing in agonized silence, casting a last lingering look on their temples, sacred to the worship of the true God; and then turning their eyes toward their smiling fields and gardens, while the tears of anguish course down their swarthy cheeks, and their bursting hearts refuse them the power of utterance.

But there appears to be no remedy—the decree has gone forth—they must again encounter the trials of a wilderness life. I ask again, will our President behold all this without feeling the touches of humanity? will he see justice and mercy bleeding on the altar of avarice, without moving a finger to rescue the forlorn victims? Oh, immortal Washington! once Columbia's father; where is the liberty which once fired thy noble bosom? Surely, if indignation could enter the abodes of the blessed, thy spirit must feel it, if now permitted to behold thy once loved country, to see the foul blot that is about to soil thy hard earned laurels.

One would imagine that the demon of tyranny, alarmed at the commotions of Europe, had sped her flight across the Atlantic, and is watching with malignant eye an opportunity to usurp the throne of liberty. Sons of freedom awake! banish her again from these consecrated shores; let not America, philanthropic, free and brave, be guilty of a crime at which inferior nations with propriety may blush. Seize the sword of oppression now raised over the head of the red man, bury it in the earth; do justice, love mercy; then

shall peace, celestial guest, still spread her downy wings around our shores, and liberty, sacred genius ! continue to sway her mild sceptre ; and justice with discriminating eye, shall judge between right and wrong ; prosperity and plenty shall flourish ; and to crown the picture with immortal beauty, Religion, heaven-born herald, shall bear her standard in glorious triumph over our happy land, until every heart shall feel the warm throb of benevolence, and be actuated by the ennobling principle of brotherly love.





